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No Time for Hating.

Begone with feud! away with strife;
Our human hearts unmating!
Let us be friends again! This life
Is all too short for hating!
So dull the day, so dim the way,
So rough the road we're faring—
Far better weal with faithful friend,
Than stalk alone uncaring!

The barren fig, the withered vine,
Are types of selfish living;
But souls that give, like thine and mine,
Renew their life by giving.
While cypress waves o'er early graves,
On all the way we're going,
Far better plant, where seed is scant,
Than tread on fruit that's growing

Away with scorn! Since die we must
And rest on one low pillow;
There are no rivals in the dust—
No foes beneath the willow.
So dry the bowers, so few the flowers,
Our earthly way discloses,
Far better stoop where daisies droop
Than tramp o'er broken roses!

Of what are all the joys we hold
Compared to joys above us!
And what are rank, and power and gold,
Compared to hearts that love us?
So fleet our years, so full of tears,
So closely death is waiting;
God gives us space for loving grace,
But leaves no time for hating.

—*A. J. H. Duganne.*

PRINGLE'S FLAT.

"You will have a beautiful day, my dear," said Mrs. Hope, as she looked admiringly first at her son Dick, who was driving up to the door in his new buggy, then at her daughter-in-law, Mary Hope, whose honeymoon was at its full.

"I am so glad!" said the young wife. "What lovely weather we have had ever since I came here! not at all like what some of my friends predicted when they said we ought to spend our honeymoon in the East."

Dick Hope at that moment sprang out of his buggy lightly, and gallantly extended a hand to his wife.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mary Hope. "I am not such a helpless creature that I can't get in myself;" and she stepped lightly into the buggy, with a merry laugh.

Mrs. Hope the elder gave an approving nod: "It's just as well to let Dick know you can help yourself. These Western men—"

"Need managing like other men," interrupted her daughter-in-law, with another laugh.

Old Mr. Hope, coming down from the stables at that moment, eyed the horse, buggy and harness (Dick had expended seven hundred dollars on that turn-out), then stood patting the horse's neck kindly. He was an admirer of fine horses, and his judgment was sought far and wide on all points of horseflesh: "There's fine mettle here, Dick."

"I know it," said Dick, proudly.

"Cheap at four hundred," said Mr. Hope. "Have you tried her yet?"

"I think she's go od for two-twenty one without much of an effort."

"Why, isn't that a fast horse, Dick?" asked his wife, whose curiosity was aroused.

"Just middling," answered her husband. "We have them out here faster than that."

"It is fast," said his father. "We used to think it impossible, but we have got so far on now there's no telling what's in a horse. I like this mare very much. If it was anybody else's, I'd—

"Come, now, what would you give, father?" said Dick, banteringly.

"It's all in the family, so I'm saved a hundred dollars at least."

"A hundred more wouldn't buy her, father. Just say to anybody that covets my new mare I won't take a cent less than seven hundred dollars. Why she goes like wind.'

"That reminds me, Dick, you'd best take the road round by Drake's."

"And lose a good half-hour," said Dick.

"That's a long way round, father," said the elder Mrs. Hope.

"You take my advice," said her husband. "I mean coming back. It doesn't matter going. If it should blow you will find it safest."

Dick, who was adjusting a strap, looked off east and west, smiled in a satisfied way and observed: "I don't see any signs of a storm."

"Nor I," said his father; "but no one knows anything about the wind here. I'll never forget the sweep I got twenty years ago coming over Pringle's Flat."

"That is where we are going, isn't it, Dick?" Mrs. Dick Hope looked the least trifle anxious as she turned to her husband. "Was it so bad, Mr. Hope?"

"Bad! Bad's no name for it. Why, it blew my wagon as far as from here to the barn, blew the horses off their feet, tore up trees and lodged me against a rock that saved my life."

"That must have been terrible," said Mary Hope.

"Don't let him frighten you," said Dick, smilingly; "lightning never strikes twice in the same place. I'm all right, you see. The only time I was blown away was when I went East for you. Are we all ready now? Basket in, mother?"

Mrs. Hope nodded gayly, Dick lifted the reins lightly and away the new buggy with its happy occupants sped over the prairie.

It was early morning. The fingers of the dew stretched upward, dissolving the shadowy mist that hung over the prairie and the thin line of woodland that lay away off to the west like a fringe on a neatly-cut garment. The young wife inhaled the perfumes exhaled from the flowers, filling the atmosphere with rich odors. There were lines upon lines of variegated tints above the horizon. Such a sunrise Mary Hope had never looked on except among the mountains. There were tints of crimson, amber and gold; and above all white pillars rolled majestically, palaces more magnificently and stately than any that the human mind could conceive.

"How grand!" she said, as Dick looked smilingly at her.

"The mind of man cannot measure all its beauties," said Dick, as he lighted a cigar and settled himself down for some "solid enjoyment."

As the red and golden glories stretched above the horizon a light breeze sprang up, fanning Mary Hope's cheeks, caressing her hair lightly, and sighing through the thin selvage of trees which Dick's father had planted along the roadway before his son was born. The god of day wheeled his chariot aloft, radiating, as only the summer can, the rarest tints of amber, and crimson and gold, until the purple glories, rolling aloft like great billows, gradually arched themselves into the semblance of a gateway; through which Mary Hope caught, in fancy, glimpses of the celestial city. She did not speak, but sat perfectly quiet, drinking in the beauties of the most beautiful morning Dick Hope had ever witnessed in the West.

"There is Pringle's Flat," said Dick, suddenly, pointing ahead.

"Surely we have not come seven miles, Dick?"

"Scarcely. How far is that ahead?"

"Is it a mile, Dick?"

"That's what the smart hunters from the East say when they shoot and miss their game. It's the atmosphere, Mary."

"It's a small place," said his wife, as she looked forward to Pringle's Flat, lying a little below them. Beyond it there was a ribbon of molten gold, made by the sun's slanting rays falling upon the river. "And that is the river."

"We'll be there in twenty minutes," said Dick Hope, "when I want to introduce you to some of the nicest people in this end of the State."

The people Dick referred to received the young couple in a manner that made Mary Hope's cheeks glow with gratification. Her husband was a man universally admired—as fine a specimen of his kind as was ever produced west of Pringle's Flat. The bride during the two hours they remained in the town created a ripple of talk. There was something about Dick and his wife that made people turn to look at then. When they drove away a score of friends waved good wishes and tossed kisses after them.

"Now for Dan's Rock," said Dick, as he gave his mare the rein and cast a backward glance at Pringle's Flat. "Pretty, isn't it?"

"Pretty?" said his wife. "Why, Dick, it's lovely! See the light on the church windows; it looks as though it were really on fire. The houses are so pretty, too, the streets so wide, and there is such an air of peace and comfort about it! Why, it is like a town that has grown up in a night, it is so wonderfully clean and neat—just what a painter would make if he were painting towns to please people."

"I'm glad you like it. That reminds me; do you see that house above the church, to the left?"

"It looks charming—the prettiest house there."

"Glad you like it."

"Why, Dick?"

"It's yours. I bought it before I went East for you. We'll look inside of it when we return, if we have time."

That was Dick Hope's way.

The drive to Dan's Rock occupied an hour.

"Now for a trial of your strength," said Dick, as he tied his horse to a tree at the base of the great rock and assisted his wife to the ground where they were to lunch.

"Must I climb up there, Dick?" said Mrs. Hope.

"That's the programme, what we came out for to-day. You've heard so much of the view from Dan's Rock that you want to see it for yourself. Do you know you remind me now of Parthenia fetching water from the spring?"

"Parthenia tamed her husband, didn't she, Dick? I'm glad your mother saved me the trouble."

That was a lunch Mary Hope often recalled in after years. Dick persisted in forcing all kinds of dainties upon her, "Irish fashion," as she said afterward. It was the first time she had ever had him to herself in the glad day with no curious eyes to peer on them, and she subjected her lord and master in her turn to such straits that he gladly cried quits as he put his hair out of his eyes and viewed his tormentor.

Then they slowly mounted the massive heap called Dan's Rock. Such a view! A sweep of forty miles in one direction, east, and almost as grand a view to the west.

Dick sat down and handed his wife the glasses as he lighted a fresh cigar. "Do you see that hill away off to the left there?"

"Hasn't it a curious shape?"

"That's where the wind comes from. They manufacture it up there."

"What do you mean, Dick?"

"There's a valley back there that extends full forty miles northwest, where you come to prairie land like ours back of Pringle's Flat, only there is ten times more of it. The wind rolls down the valley and plays the very deuce with things on the river about the Point. Sometimes it rains, and then you'd think the heavens were emptying; all the water in the valley sweeps down below us here, fills the valley where it narrows there like the neck of a bottle, and then—look out for trouble. I saw it once; that is all I want to see."

"Is it so awful, Dick?"

"It is really awful, Mary."

"And now it looks like—like the plains of Egypt. I can't conceive of anything disturbing the perfect peace of this beautiful scene. See that cloud away off there, Dick."

"About the size of a man's hand? I see it."

"It's the only speck in the sky," said his wife.

"It's not like our sky, then," said Dick, as he kissed her standing on the very top of Dan's Rock. "Do you know it is time we were moving now?"

"We have only been here a little while."

"It's three hours since we stopped at the foot of Dan's Rock."

"My goodness, Dick!"

"That's what I'm always saying to myself when I think you took me before all the other fellows.'"

"It can't be."

"Look for yourself," said Dick, holding out his watch.

"It's the grandest day of my life, Dick. I wouldn't have missed it for anything."

He gave her his hand and helped her down the rough places. Once in a while Mary would stop to gather bits of moss and flowers as mementos of a red-letter day. At least an hour was consumed in the descent. Then they got into the buggy and turned homeward, but not on the road leading past Drake's.

"We want to see all that can be seen, don't we?" said Dick.

"By all means," answered his wife, as she tied her hat loosely and prepared to enjoy the drive home. "But didn't your father tell you to go home by Drake's?"

"The other is the better road."

"You know best, Dick."

Dick's mare went at a slapping pace. "She smells oats," said Dick.

"Look at Pringle's Flat, Dick."

"Pretty, isn't it?"

"There is not a leaf stirring, one would think. It looks so restful over there! It might be a deserted village."

"It does look unusually quiet, now I notice it. But then this sun is terrible. See if you can find our house over there, Mary."

There was a long silence, then the young wife gleefully pointed out the house, and there was another long silence which was broken by Mrs. Hope saying suddenly: "What is that curious sound I hear?"

"I hear nothing."

"There! Do you hear it now?"

Dick inclined an ear. They were fairly clear of the rough land at the base of Dan's Rock now and the mare was trotting rapidly. Suddenly her driver's firm hand brought her upon her haunches. Dick listened intently. His wife was right; her ears were keener than his. There was something in the air.

At that instant Mary's hand clutched his arm convulsively as she cried out: "Oh, Dick, what is that back of us?" She was looking back with horror-stricken eyes and pale lips.

Dick turned. A cloud like a black wall was rushing down upon them; it seemed to Dick Hope's eyes as black as ink. An awful fear possessed him. There was a hush, a stillness, in the air as chilling as the terrible cloud behind them. "Go 'long!" he exclaimed desperately, cutting the mare fiercely with his whip.

The mare shot out like an arrow, and at that moment another sound smote their ears—a sound that was like the crash of worlds. The mare plunged, reared, then resumed her onward course. Her owner had lost all control over her.

But one thought animated Dick Hope as he clasped his wife with his right arm, while he held fast to the reins with his left hand, shutting his teeth like a vise. That thought was, "Pray God we reach the river bottom!"

The earth groaned under their feet. A sound like the rush and roar and scream of a million locomotives deafened them. Dick Hope instinctively turned and clasped his young wife in his arms. He did not see the mare; he saw nothing but his wife's face, and something in it struck terror to his heart. His own was ashy gray at that moment, as was his young wife's when she turned her last appealing look upon him and moved her lips. His one prayer was that they might die together. It seemed to them then that all the sound in the air and earth was condensed, gathered into one awful shriek. Earth and sky were obliterated. Dick Hope felt himself lifted up and flung like a flake through the air.

When he recovered his senses he was lying where he had prayed to be—in the river-bottom, with his wife close beside him. The awful storm did not divide them. The tornado, like a raging beast, had simply taken them up in his teeth, so to speak, tossed them aside, and pursued its path. Where they were lying the water was so shoal that it scarcely covered them.

Dick sat up and spoke to his wife; she did not answer. Then he put one hand up involuntarily, in a weak, helpless way. There was blood on his face; he could not see; his eyes were full of sand. He struck himself in despair, and, again grasping his wife, said, in a hoarse voice: "You are not dead, Mary?"

Whether it was the water from the river he dashed into his face or the gush of tears that came into his eyes, Dick does not know to this day, but suddenly his eyes became clear, and he could see his wife lying with her face next him and the water washing her long hair over her breast. He lifted her up. He felt her hands, her cheeks. Then suddenly he summoned all his remaining strength for one supreme effort, and dragged rather than carried her up to the dry shelving beach under the bluff. Mary Hope slowly opened her eyes and looked at her husband. Then she put her hands slowly up to her face and covered it.

Dick saw the tears coursing down her cheeks. "Don't — don't, Mary!" he said.

"I can't help it. I am not crying with pain or grief; it's because you are living, because we both are spared."

Dick's strength returned to him. He stood up and looked about him. Until that moment he did not know that he was coatless and without vest or shirt; he was naked. He pressed his eyes with his hands and looked down on himself like one awakening out of a dream. He looked at his wife, still sitting with her face covered with her hands: "Mary, we are almost naked. There is nothing on me, and your dress is in ribbons." He looked up and down the river in a helpless way, still pressing a hand to his heart "I don't see—any sign of—the buggy or the horse." Then he cast his glance at the bluff back of them. Come, let us go up on the bank."

He had to carry her.

"It is the horrible fright, dear Dick. I'll soon get over it," she said, when he set her down gently on the level ground.

"Mary, look over there. Do you see anything? My eyes are so full of sand, so sore, that I can't make it out quite. Everything looks blurred."

She did not answer him. It was not because her eyes were not clear. As she looked wonderingly, her hand, that had never relinquished her husband's from the moment he seated her on the prairief clasped his convulsively. Then she uttered a loud cry.

"I—I expected as much," said Dick, speaking more to himself than to his wife. "Nothing—nothing man ever made could stand before that storm."

"Oh, Dick," she exclaimed, sobbingly, "there is nothing left of the town—not a house. I can only see a heap here and there—something like fallen chimneys and smoke and fire."

"That's the end of Pringle's Flat, Mary."

He looked back over the prairie—back to the fringe of trees that skirted a portion of the road near the base of Dan's Rock but a little while since. He could not recognize the place he had looked on a hundred times. The trees had disappeared; they had been swept from the face of the earth. Then he shaded his eyes with his hand and looked across to where Pringle's Flat had stood in all the pride of a new Western town. Dick Hope suddenly knelt by his wife's side, still holding her hand, saying: "Let us pray."

Among all those who witnessed the awe-inspiring tornado that swept Pringle's Flat until not one stone stood upon another, killing, maiming all living creatures in its path, none have such vivid recollections as Dick Hope and his wife. When they refer to their experience on that terrible day they speak in a low tone, reverently, as though standing in the presence of the dead.—*David Lowry, in Lippincott.*

Resisted.

Four young men, clerks and students, while on a summer vacation tramp through Northern New England, engaged for a guide to a certain romantic forest waterfall a boy named Forrest Graves. Forrest was a fine, athletic fellow, who could outwalk and outclimb any amateur in the mountains, and his moral courage was quite equal to his physical health and strength.

After he had guided the young men to the waterfall, and they had satisfied themselves with sight-seeing, they invited him to lunch with them.

"Thank you, I have my own lunch;" and the boy went away by himself. Later, when full justice had been done to their repast, and a flask of brandy had furnished each of the young men with a stimulating draught, Graves was called.

"You must drink with us, if you will not eat with us," now said the owner of the flask, and the most reckless of the party.

"No, sir, thank you," was the boy's courteous response.

"But I shall insist upon it."

"You can do as you please, and I shall do as I please."

The young man sprang to his feet, and with a bound stood beside the boy, too much absorbed in his own purpose to heed the quivering lips and flashing eyes of another.

"Now you are bound to try my brandy. I always rule."

"You can't rule me."

These words were scarely uttered when the flask was seized and hurled into the stream, where the clinking of glass betrayed its utter destruction. Then a clear, defiant tone rang out:

"I did it in self-defense. You had no right to tempt me. My father was once a rich and honorable man, but he died a miserable drunkard, and my mother came here to live to keep me away from liquor till I should be old enough to take care of myself. I have promised her a hundred times I wouldn't taste it, and I'd die before I'd break my promise."

"Bravely said. Forgive me, and let us shake hands. My mother would be a happy woman if I was as brave as you. I wouldn't tempt you to do wrong. I shall never forget you, nor the lesson you have taught me."

The most reckless was the most generous, and seeing his error apologized frankly.

How many boys need to be kept from strong drink; and, alas, how many men and women! Who dares tempt them? Let it not be you and I.—*Youth's Companion.*

Gold Mining in California.

Part of the town of Sonora, Tuolumne county, Cal., is built on a hill. Several gold bearing quartz veins run through this hill. These for thirty years past have been worked at various times, afterward abandoned and then taken up and worked again. Sometimes they yielded richly, and again not at all. They were of the character known as "pocket veins." As many as ten years have elapsed when not a pick has been struck on "Sonora Hill." Years ago the writer took up, and for a season worked, a portion of the hill—without success. Within the last two years out of this same portion $300,000 have been taken, of which $200,000 was "all in a bunch." This fact may give an idea of the uncertain character of gold mining as it exists to-day in California. This find has made no noise outside of its own locality. Had it happened in a new Territory it would have been published from one end of the country to the other. Such deposits still exist throughout the entire gold-bearing region of California. But no one need rush thither in the hope of finding them. It is simply hunting the proverbial needle in the haystack. Men may spend their lives in such search, and perhaps when they have worked through barren quartz to within a foot of the "pocket," death or discouragement may overtake them, and after a lapse of time the next adventurer may reap the reward which should have been theirs. There is a great amount of gold under the soil in California, but it's very difficult to say just there it is.—*New York Graphic.*

WISE WORDS.

Entertain charity, and seek peace with all men.

Inclination and interest determine the will.

Love, faith and patience—the three essentials to a happy life.

None are more hopelessly enslaved than those who falsely believe they are free.

A falsehood has no legs, and cannot stand; but it has wings, and can fly far and wide.

Man believes himself always greater than he is, and is esteemed less than he is worth.

Never show that you suspect, nor accuse till you have found that your suspicion was well founded.

Beware of him that is slow to anger; anger, when it is long in coming, is the stronger when it comes, and the longer kept.

Every person has two educations—one which he receives from others, and one more important which he gives himself.

The nice arrangement and proper appropriation of time is a science almost as valuable as any of the seven, and as important to acquire.

A Queer Way of Building Houses.

There are in the world many queer ways of making houses, and one of the queerest is found in the city of Palembang, in Sumatra. The town extends for three or four miles on both sides of a rather wide river, and both shores are lined with houses. First comes a row built upon piles which are driven into the bottom of the river, and outside of that another row resting on great bamboo rafts, which are held by cables of rattan to the piles of the next houses. Of course these rafts rise and fall with the tide, and the doors open upon the water, so that they are reached by boats. The thresholds are not more than a foot above water, and one steps directly from a boat into a house. One can buy anything there is for sale in this town without getting out of his boat. The people are Malays, and it is said that they never build a house on dry land if they can find water to set it in, and never go anywhere on foot if they can reach the place in a boat.

SUNDAY READING.

The Universe.

Professor Proctor closes his lecture on "The Star Depths" with the following quotation from Jean Paul Friederich Richter:

God called up a man into the vestibule of heaven, saying: "Come thou hither and see the glory of My house." And to the servants that stood around His throne He said: "Take him and undress him from the robes of flesh, cleanse his vision and put new breath into his nostrils; only touch not with any change his human heart—the heart that weeps and trembles." It was done, and with a mighty angel for his guide, the man stood ready for his infinite voyage; and from the terraces of heaven, without sound or farewell, at once they wheeled into endless space. Sometimes, with solemn flight of angel wing, they fled through saharas of darkness, through wildernesses of death that divided the worlds of life; sometimes they swept along frontiers that were quickening under prophetic motion. Then from a distance that is counted only in heaven, light dawned for a time through a sleepy film; by unutterable pace the light swept to them, they, by unutterable pace, to the light. In a moment the rushing of planets was upon them; in a moment the blazing of suns was around them. Then came eternities of twilight that revealed, but were not revealed. On the right hand and the left towered mighty constellations, that by self-repetitions and answers from afar; that by counter positions built up triumphal gates, whose architraves, whose archways—horizontal, upright—rested, rose, at altitude by spans that seemed ghostly from infinitude. Without measure were the architraves, past number were the archways, beyond memory the gates. Within were stairs that scaled the eternities below; above was below—below was above to the man stripped of gravitating body—depth was swallowed up in height unsurmountable, height was swallowed up in depth unfathomable. Suddenly, as they thus rode from infinite to infinite—suddenly, as they thus tilted over abysmal worlds—a mighty cry arose, that systems more mysterious, that constellations more glorious, that worlds more billowy, other heights and other depths, were coming, were nearly, were at hand!

Then the man sighed and stopped, shuddered and wept. His overburdened heart uttered itself in tears, and he said: "Angel, I will go no further. For the spirit of man acheth with this infinity. Insufferable is the glory of the universe. Let me lie down in the grave and hide myself from the persecution of the infinite; for end there is none." And from all the listening stars that shone around issued a choral voice: "The man speaks truly; end there is none, that even yet we have heard of. End there is none!" The angel solemnly demanded: "Is there indeed no end, and is this the sorrow that kills you?" But no voice answered, that he may answer himself. Then the angel throws up his glorious hands toward the heaven of heavens, saying: "End there is none in the universe of God. Lo! also there was no beginning."

Religious News and Notes.

The Congregational church at Vermillion, Dak., lost its house of worship, with all its furniture, by the recent flood.

Seventy years ago the first Christian baptism of a Hindoo took place. There are now in India, Burmah and Ceylon 500,000 native Christians.

A new uptown Methodist church is projected in New York. It is proposed to commence work when $200,000 has been raised, of which $150,000 has already been subscribed.

According to the present programme prepared for the Methodist Œcumenical conference, to be held in London in September next, Bishop Simpson is to preach the opening sermon.

Some one has counted up the Sunday-school conventions, institutes and assemblies held in this country during 1880. They numbered 5,220, an average of over 100 a week. But the country is large, and these gatherings were held in many widely-separated places.

The Fifth Avenue Baptist church, of New York, needed repair and embellishment. Dr. Armitage told his people of this need, and the consequence was an immediate response by solid men, who subscribed $29,000. The church will now be one of the most beautiful in the city.

New churches are being organized on the Western mission fields of the Baptist home mission society at the rate of one for each week. In five years there will be from 250 to 300 churches added to our force. These, in addition to the 750 houseless churches now in the West, will give at least 1,000 churches requiring attention from the society, either to build or to support pastors for a time.—*Examiner.*

A religious paper in London speaks of the great annoyance which some ministers suffer while preaching, from the thoughtlessness of restless and fidgety persons, who pull their watches from their pockets or turn around to look at the church clock. This paper says that there ought to be a law that whoever takes out his watch or looks at the clock during sermon should be condemned to sit out the monotonous reading of one of the longest sermons of one of the dryest sixteenth century divines.

Curious Habits.

Great men often fall into curious habits, which they find it impossible to conquer. Augustus Hare, one of the ripest scholars in the English pulpit, and a refined gentleman, when he had ended a train of hard thinking, would spin around on his heel a few seconds and then resume work again.

Neander, the famous church historian, could not lecture to his students unless he had a goosequill to pull to pieces as he talked, and it was necessary to supply a second quill when the first was completely stripped.

William Wilberforce became so absorbed in conversation in evening companies as wholly to forget himself. He would lift himself from his chair in his earnestness, move forward a little, and gradually approach perilously near to the edge. It was a tradition in fashionable English circles that he had fallen several times to the floor. But in families where he was loved it was the custom to station one of the older children behind his chair to move it forward as he moved and guard him against peril. Some who afterward became leaders in English society retained among the pleasantest memories of their childhood the recollection of the services rendered to this brilliant and eloquent converser.

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Seeding to Grass.

Before sowing grass seed the farmer should make certain of having a good seed-bed. More mistakes are made concerning the preparation of land for grass than for any other crop. It is no uncommon thing to see a farmer simply running over a plot, where potatoes were grown the previous year, with a cultivator, then following with a harrow. We have seen extreme cases where even the harrow was omitted, the seed sown immediately after the cultivator then simply bushing in the seed, leaving it to make its way as best it can. Others will use a one-horse plow to turn under the corn butts, getting in the seed with as little labor as possible. In our experience the best practice is to plow a good deep furrow, followed by a thorough harrowing, and after sowing to bush the seed in and use the roller faithfully. When timothy and redtop are sown it is best to use a bushel of redtop, a peck or eleven pounds of timothy, also adding six pounds of red clover, which amounts to a very liberal seeding and should yield a fair crop of hay about the first of September.—*American Cultivator.*

Feeding Hay from the Stack.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* writes: A careful observer is frequently surprised at the wanton wastefulness of many farmers. Such wastes occur more noticeably in the manner of feeding, perhaps, than in any other branch of farm work. For this reason I would like to refer to what appears to me a shiftless practice—that of feeding hay from the stack upon the meadow. Farmers are generally careful to save the entire crop of hay. Even after hay is pitched from the windrow or hay-cock, the horse rake is put in motion, and the rakings are cared for. Thus there is a neatly finished job, and the hay is all saved. But there is not the same general care in feeding. If it pays to be so very careful to save the hay when we are making it, here is no reason why we should not be very careful to avoid wastefulness in feeding it. It always seemed to me that the feeding of hay upon the ground involves a great waste. If one feeds out of doors it would be well to provide boxes or racks. There are those in this section who have comfortable barns, and yet they persist in feeding upon the meadows. There is less waste of food and manure when cattle are fed in well-arranged stables; there is less exposure and better health. The tramping of ground in the warm, open weather which frequently occurs in our winter seasons, robs the soil of much vitality. These points are severally opposed to the practice of feeding upon the meadows in winter.

Broad Wheels for Farm Wagons.

The surface over which loads are drawn upon the farm is soft as a rule, and a wheel with a broad tire will not sink so far as a narrow one. A load of manure or hay can be drawn across plowed or other mellow ground upon a wagon which has tires four inches wide when it would be impossible to do so with the old narrow wheels, often less than two inches wide. The usually heavy, muddy, country roads of early spring are much more passable with the wide wheels than the narrow ones; and even upon smooth, hard roads the difference in the draft is so slight as to be no argument against the use of wide tires. Most of the teaming upon the farm is upon soft ground, and the light draft of broad tired wagons should make them preferable, because they are a saving of animal strength. One of the first things that strikes an intelligent European in coming to this country is the very frail look of our vehicles, especially the narrow wheels. While these may be desirable in road wagons, those for farm use may well be with broad tires. Contractors for road work always use broad tired carts, as they find them most profitable.—*American Agriculturist.*

A Rat-Proof Corn-Crib.

A correspondent of the *Practical Farmer* gives the following directions for making that most necessary of farm buildings, a rat-proof corn-crib: Build a good substantial house, twelve feet wide, eight feet high and as long as you want it. This will give you two cribs, one on either side. Put your building on stone pillars, one foot above ground. Side up with lath 2 1-2x1 inches of hard wood (I used oak), putting them on up and down, being careful to have them just half an inch apart. The gables, and any part of building that does not come in contact with the corn, can be sided up with common pine boards; for bottoms of cribs, laths lengthwise, one-half inch apart; balance of floor between cribs lay tight, of pine boards. My building has a string of ties between the sill and plate to nail to, and cross ties to hold the building together. Every eight feet on these ties spike a good strong studding or narrow plank across them lengthwise of the building as far from plate as you want the width of top of crib; then set up studding from floor, as many as will be sufficiently strong for crib; mortice the end in floor, gain the top into the horizontal studding about three-quarters of an inch, then lath the inside of the crib with any kind of lath, just close enough to keep in the corn, commencing ten inches from the floor to leave room for the corn to come down into the trough, putting these lath on lengthwise. Then put a common sized door in the end, between the cribs. You can put a lock on the door, and all is secure (I did not lock mine and gained something by it, as I found a stray mitten in the crib on a cold morning). To get the corn in the crib make door above the plate the size you want them, the same as dormer windows, and hang the doors on and it will be completed. If any one wishes to have a granary, they can use one side of the building for that purpose and the other for crib. The size of my cribs is three feet in the clear at bottom and five feet at top, but I am well satisfied they might be much wider and still the corn would cure well. Any one wanting wider cribs can build the house wide enough to suit. I have used this crib for about ten years and can recommend it as an entire success. The secret of this crib is putting the lath on up and down; this gives no place for the rats to stand on to cut holes, and the building being one foot above ground they cannot reach the bottom. We are infested with swarms of gray rats and there is not a building on the farm from which we can keep them out except the corn crib. We keep corn over a year until the new crop is gathered in perfect safety.

Recipes.

VEAL STEW.—Cut four pounds of veal into strips three inches long and one inch thick; peel twelve large potatoes and cut them into slices one inch thick; spread a layer of veal on the bottom of the pot, sprinkle in a little salt and pepper, then a layer of potatoes, then a layer of veal seasoned as before. Use up the veal thus: over the last layer of veal put a layer of slices of salt pork, and over the whole a layer of potatoes. Pour in water till it rises an inch over the whole; cover it close, heat it fifteen minutes and simmer it an hour.

RASPBERRY JAM.—To every quart of ripe raspberries allow a pound of the best loaf-sugar. Put sugar and berries into a pan and let them stand two or three hours; then boil them in a porcelain kettle, taking off the scum carefully. When no more scum rises mash them and boil them to smooth marmalade. When cold put them in glass tumblers.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING.—Soak a half pound of gelatine with a little cold water; put it in a pan with a quarter pound grated chocolate, one ounce sugar and one pint of milk; stir till it boils. Break the yolks of four eggs in a basin; stir with a wooden spoon. When the chocolate boils allow it to stand one minute, then pour it on the yolks, return to the pan and stir till it thickens, not letting it boil; pour into a wet mold.

WEDDING CAKE.—One pound and on coffee cup of flour, one pound of brown sugar, one and one-eighth pounds of butter, one-half pound of candied citron, four pounds of currants, four pounds of stoned and chopped raisins, nine eggs, one tablespoonful each of ground cloves, cinnamon, mace and nutmeg. Fruit should be rolled in flour before stirring in.

FARINA JELLY.—Boil one quart of new milk; while boiling sprinkle in slowly a quarter of a pound of farina. Continue the boiling from half an hour to a whole hour. Season with five ounces of sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla. When done turn into a mold and place it on ice to stiffen. Serve it with whipped cream.

The King of South American Cataracts.

It was not until I had been within its direct influence that I learned that Tequendama was a potentiality in the United States of Colombia. Our own Niagara fills its unmatched picture in this broad world no more despotically then Tequendama does its own in South America. It may be as well to admit here that, while observing the latter fall, I was far from being at my ease. The fact is, men never manage, whatever they may combine to say, to stand wholly at ease in the presence of a great cataract. In the midst of an unrest so mighty and so ceaseless no spectator can himself be entirely at rest.

The sublimity of Tequendama is in its depth, as that of Niagara is in its width and immensity of volume. A fall from a great height is Teduendama—not a clear fall, however, because the Salto itself is divided into two well-defined leaps. One, the minor leap, is a small fall striking on a ledge, which its volume conceals, twenty-seven feet eight inches below the bed of the Bogota, the river which feeds the cataract. The other, the greater leap, starts in foam from the ledge with what seems no longer rushing water—save for the jets of spray that now and then spit out only to fall back after a while, like well-trained skirmishers, into the main body. Outside of such erratic movements, Tequendama ends by broadening into a strong, glistening mass, the lower descent of which is lost in the mist that never leaves it, winter or summer. After rebounding from the ledge, it dashes itself forward and downward to commit that solitary form of suicide, which, in all the annals of men, finds no detractor.

The width of Tequendama depends, of course, upon the breadth of the Bogota as it fronts the cliff. The measure of the Bogota is the full measure of the fall, and that measure seems very limited in comparison with the far vaster proportions of the gulf itself. Any muscular man on so much solid surface might easily cross it at a dozen jumps within half that distance of the cataract. Its depth is mighty. If not the greatest, it suffices to make Tequendama one of the deepest among the falls of the earth—Ruckon Foss in Norway, 800 feet, and Lulea, in Sweden, 600 feet, alone probably surpassing it. The published accounts, as a rule, place it at 600 feet, although the real descent, varying between Humboldt's estimate, by dropping, of 585 feet, and Baron Gros's by measure, of 479 feet, is doubtless nearer 500 feet. Even at this last figure, Tequendama is more than three times as deep as Niagara, which is said to touch bottom at 160 feet. The bed of the chasm is 102 feet lower than the foot of the fall itself.—*New York Mail.*

How to Preserve the Teeth.

The following directions for the care of the teeth have been issued by the medical committee of the National Dental hospital, London:

(1.) The teeth should be cleaned at least once a day, the best time being night—the last thing. For this purpose use a soft brush, on which take a little soap, and then some prepared chalk, brushing up and down and across. There is rarely any objection to the friction causing the gum to bleed slightly.

(2.) Avoid all rough usage of the teeth, such as cracking nuts, biting thread, etc., as by so doing even good, sound teeth may be injured.

(3.) When decay is first observed advice should be sought. It is the stopping in a small hole that is of the greatest service, though not unfrequently a large filling preserves the teeth for years.

(4.) It is of the greatest importance that children from four years and upward should have their teeth frequently examined by the dental surgeon, to see that the first set, particularly the back teeth, are not decaying too early, and to have the opportunity of timely treatment for the regulation and preservation of the second set.

(5.) Children should be taught to rinse the mouth night and morning, and to begin the use of the tooth-brush early (likewise the toothpick).

(6.) With regard to the food of children, to those who are old enough whole meal, bread, porridge and milk should be given. This is much more wholesome and substantial food than white bread.

(7.) If the foregoing instructions were carried out, comparatively few teeth would have to be extracted.

Along a Slope of Grass.

Along a slope of grass she came;
And as she walked, a virgin shame
Lit up her face's snow with flame.

Full slight and small she was, and bent
Her lithe neck shyly, as she went,
In some child-like bewilderment.

Gold was the color of her hair;
The color of her eyes was vair;
The sun shone on her everywhere.

Oh fair she was as hawthorn flowers!
It seemed the flush of the spring hours
Lay on her cheeks, and summer showers

Had bathed her in a sweet content
A virginal faint ravishment
Of peace; for with her came a scent

Of flowers plucked with a childish hand
In some forgotten fairyland,
Where all arow the sweet years stand.

And all the creatures of the wood
Crept from their leafy solitude,
And wondering around her stood.

The fawns came to her, unafraid,
And on her hand their muzzles laid;
And fluttering birds flew down and stayed.

—*John Payne.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A water-spout—A temperance oration.

A goat, like many people, always puts in many "buts."

Trifles light as hair sometimes turn the whole course of a man's appetite.—*Picayune.*

Motto of the good collector—Never put off until to-morrow what can be dunned to-day.

SHE BELIEVED IN ADVERTISING.

"Oh, where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"To do some shopping," she sweetly said;
"And where," I asked, in a glad surprise;
"Oh, anywhere, where they advertise!"

W. O. Fuller, Jr., has been appointed a justice of the peace and quorum, and henceforth there's going to be peace in this city if we have to lick every man in town to preserve it.—*Rockland Courier.*

"Oh, give me anything made of beans," exclaimed a Boston man taken sick in the West, when asked what he would have to eat. They obeyed his request. They gave him castor oil.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

The mythological representations of spring as a young lady dressed like an opera-bouffe singer, bringing flowers she has received over the footlights of Timet are things of the past. Spring is a young man with an ulster and rheumatism.

A man who was too poor to indulge in any luxuries other than children was presented by a loving but unreckoning wife with triplets—three boys—and he sought for some family to adopt them. Mr. Clark was rather inclined to take them, but his good wife thought one would perhaps be enough. They were talking it over before their little eight-year-old daughter, who said: "Why don't you take one of them, ma, or don't they want to break the set?"

They had been engaged to be married fifteen years and still he had not mustered up resolution enough to ask her to name the happy day. One evening he called in a particularly spoony frame of mind, and asked her to sing him something that would "move" him. She sat down at the piano and sang, "Darling, I am growing old."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

It Looks Suspicious.

It seems suspicious for a dramatic critic at a play to laugh until his vest buttons rattle off like peas from a pod, be affected to tears until he has to borrow an extra handkerchief to absorb the moisture, applaud till he seems to lead an "encore," and then to write a criticism next morning condemning the play as execrable and the actors as worse.

It seems suspicious for a young man to call on the same girl every other evening and on another girl every other evening. It seems as if 'twould be "s'mother evening" with him before a great while.

It seems suspicious for a grocer to put up a sign "None but diary butter sold here," when there are a dozen kegs of something or other with the labels scraped off just unloading at his store door.

It seems suspicious for a woman whom you have known since she was a girl as a decidedly freckled specimen, to appear on the streets without a freckle in sight.

It seems suspicious for a restaurant keeper to carefully avoid dining at his own place of business, just for the sake of walking two miles to dine with his family.

It seems suspicious for a clerk who gets $6 a week salary to appear in a new p

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1881.

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FOR 1881.

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L. V. & E. T. BLUM,

Salem, N. C., Jan. 1, 1881.

—The annual commencement at Germanton Male and Female Institute will take place on the 16th of June.

—The President on Saturday appointed Chas. Kayles, of Indiana, Consul General of the United States at Berlin.

—Last year England paid $500,000,000, for intoxicating drinks.

—14,000 immigrants were in New York, last week, seeking employment.

—17 Law students from Messrs. Dick & Dillard's Law School will apply for License before the Supreme Court at Raleigh, next week.

—According to the Danville papers, work on the Midland Railroad will now be pressed forward rapidly.

—It is estimated that the internal revenue receipts for the current fiscal year will exceed those of last year by more than $10,000,000.

—The McAdoo House, in Greensboro, came very near having a fire on Tuesday last from an accumulation of escaped gas which was ignited by entering the room with a lighted lamp, causing a terrible explosion.

—Arrangements have been made at the Indian Office, Washington, to effect the removal of about seventy of the North Carolina Cherokee Indians to Indian Territory.

SUPREME COURT.—Continuances were entered in the following among other cases: Commissioners of Forsyth county vs. W. A. Lemly and others. Margaret Miller vs. W. A. Lemly and others.

—The Southern General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church adjourned without taking definite action on a reunion with the Northern Presbyterian Church. Atlanta, Ga., is the next place of meeting.

—The Episcopal convention of North Carolina which met at Raleigh on the 18th adjourned on the 21st after a pleasant and harmonious session. The next session of the convention will be held at Tarboro.

—As the north bound passenger train on last Sunday evening was coming between Thomasville and High Point, it struck and ran over a deaf and dumb man by the name of Kennedy, who was walking on the track. He was taken to High Point on the train, and at last accounts was still alive.

DAILY BATTLE GROUND.—Greensboro has another daily with the above title, J. W. Albright, Manager. It favors the *prohibition* law, and is sprightly and will be an able advocate for its cause, which is reported to be gaining strength daily.

A special dispatch from Bristol, Tennessee, says: "Jim Baker shot and killed Alexander Osborne and the two Ryner brothers, and mortally wounded another man whose name is unknown, at Osbornes's Ford, Scott county, Virginia; and Jim Stapleton killed Sam Kilgore with a knife at Nickelsville. The difficulty is supposed to have grown out of a municipal election."

—The Supreme Court of New York has granted the order to change the name of the corporation of "*Scribner & Co.*" to THE CENTURY Co."—the order to take effect on the 21st of June. The July issues of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY and ST. NICHOLAS will have the new corporate imprint.

—Che-Mah, the famous Chinese dwarf, has recently arrived in New York. He is 44 years old and exactly two feet high—just six feet shorter than his countryman, the giant Chang. He wears a moustache and is a little bald on the top of his head.

—The Philadelphia *Times*, says, speaking of the Government bonds. "The refunding scheme is now practically ended, yet the fact will remain that by failing to take advantage of an era of exceptional prosperity, through the criminal obstinacy of the President of the United States in vetoing the funding bill as passed by Congress last session, the country is a loser by some $10,000,000.

—An enthusiastic Texan writes to a friend that he has "the Rio Grand for a bath tub and all Mexico for a back yard." His personal property consisted of a red shirt, a pair of spurs, a six shooter and a Bowie toothpick.

—There is a great demand for Kentucky horses. Two year old farm horses of full blood, it is reported, are selling at $500 to $2,000. Colts of fine racing stock have been sold for $10,000, and the supply is not equal to the demand.

—The following counties have refused to grant license to retail liquors, viz: Franklin, Duplin, Alamance, no one applied, Mecklenburg, Cabarrus, Rowan, Warren, Halifax, Northampton, Dare, Cumberland, Richmond, Moore, Union, Lenoir, Rutherford, Guilford, Randolph, Chatham, Durham, Carteret: The following towns have also refused, viz. Charlotte, Salisbury, Lincolnton, Lumberton, Goldsboro, Greensboro, Mooresville, Cherryville, Monroe, Shelby, Rutherfordton, Concord, Morganton, Kenausville.

—The Wilmington *Star* gives some facts concerning popular education in North Carolina. Receipts for 1880, $523,555.22. Amount disbursed $352,-882.65. Of this sum $118,014.91 was paid to colored schools. The number of children at school: white, 136,-481; colored, 86,125. Not one half of the children of school age attended. Total number between six and twenty-one, 459,325. Public school houses, 3,766; of these 1,036 are for colored. There were 5,312 schools reported; of these 1,789 were colored. Average length of school term ten weeks. Average salary $21.19 per month. There were 13 counties that did not report.

THE SITUATION IN IRELAND.—The situation may be summed up in a sentence as successful revolution. Society seems to be disintegrated. The operations of the law are paralyzed by a popular hostility, peaceful but potent, which it is impossible to suppress without venturing upon measures of extreme power. The leaders of the Irish party have refrained from any overt act in the way of a general disturbance of the peace that would justify aggressive military action So grave is the situation that the troops are held in readiness to enforce the law. The police, according to our correspondence, are rapidly becoming demoralized. No men can longer endure a state of seige such as the forces of the disturbed districts are undergoing. Every man's hand is against them No carman will drive them, no publican will supply them with food. The people stone them at every opportunity. The women hoot, yell and upbraid. Children throw mud at them. No patrol can venture forth except in great force. Under such circumstances the governing powers are almost helpless.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—The latest statistics show 41,-678,000 school children in the world, so far as the census takers were enabled to ascertain. These have about 1,000,000 teachers. First in proportion to population comes the United States, with 9,373,195 pupils and 271,144 teachers. Both here and in France the school children form one-fifth of the population. Prussia, with 4,007,776 pupils and 57,936 teachers, takes the third place. Next come England and Wales, where as in Prussia, school children are one-sixth of the population. Austria then files into line. In Japan there are 2,162,-962 school children, but the total population is not known.

—LONDON, Ontario, May 25.–This evening at 6 o'clock the Steamer Victoria, with over six hundred excursionists on board was returning from Spring Bank, and when near the city, the boat suddenly collapsed like an egg shell and became a total wreck, level with the water's edge. All the passengers were instantly plunged into the stream, more than one-half of them being underneath the debris. About one-thousand families were represented on the excursion and the wail of anguish that arose at the sight of the victims was heartrending. Fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters rushed about panic stricken, endeavoring to identify friends. By 8 o'clock about 175 bodies were recovered from the wreck.

LONDON, May 23.—The Russian revolutionists have answered the Czar's manifesto by a second utterance, dwelling on the wretchedness of the peasants, deportations to Siberia, gagging of free speech and public journals, and declaring that false counsellors are in possession of the Czar's ear. The document concludes as follows: "Let your majesty assemble your people around you and listen to their wishes in an unprejudiced spirit, and then neither your majesty nor the State will have any reason to apprehend further catastrophe."

CHATTANOOGA, May 28.—The boiler of a locomotive of the Nashville & Chattanooga Railroad exploded in this city at 6:30 o'clock this morning on account of over pressure of steam. The fireman, Chas. Handerman, was blown a distance of 50 yards and instantly killed. The engineer who had just stepped behind the tender escaped injury. A piece of iron weighing 9 pounds was thrown half mile and struck J. C. Finch, car inspector of East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia road, on the shoulder, traversing the entire breadth of the body, and causing instant death. Another piece of iron, weighing 200 pounds, passed through 2 cars loaded with corn and then struck and knocked out the corner of a house.

CINCINNATI, May 27.—The Cincinnati *Times-Star* says: "Advices from Cochrane, Georgia, report that in Laurens county, about twenty-five miles east of Cochrane, Mrs. Tiny Garrett, wife of a respectable farmer, told her daughter to prepare dinner. The daughter refused. Then Mrs. Garrett said she would inform Mr. Garrett and he would whip the daughter when he came to dinner. A quarrel and struggle followed, in which the girl used a shot-gun, firing both barrels, one of which took effect in Mrs. Garrett's head, inflicting a mortal wound. A little brother struck the gun, preventing the second shot being effective. Mr. Garrett returning chastised the daughter so severely that it is believed she cannot recover. Both daughter and mother are church members."

—The age of giants has returned. Within six months seven giants over eight feet in height have appeared in New York City. The latest addition was Henrik Brusted, a Norwegian, who arrived Monday. He is 8 feet tall and weighs 400 pounds.

—Campaign is over and those who were up in arms against each other in the political tussle now join hands and march to the druggist for a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure. See adv't.

Republicans in Council.

Last week the members of the Republican State executive committee met in Raleigh. There were present: T. N. Cooper, chairman; J. J. Young, W. P. Canaday, W. A. Moore, David A. Jenkins, J. J. Mott, Clinton M. Rogers, T. B. Keogh, Manfield Thornton (colored.) and J. C. L. Harris, secretary.

The question of the African office seekers appears to have been first discussed, and in a very lively manner, too. It was understood by members of the committee that W. P. Canaday, the tall member from the Cape Fear, had arranged the late negro convention held here, and it is whispered that he was very plainly told as much by certain members who did not like that style of doing things. It was for Canaday's benefit principally, therefore, that a resolution of the following tenor was introduced:

Whereas, the colored voters in the State of North Carolina, numbering 70,-000, a larger share of the Republican vote in this State, are entitled to and deserve a greater share of the patronage of the party; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in all cases where the colored vote is numerically stronger in the matter of county elections, and offices, that it is the sense and wish of this committee that the county conventions would do well and serve the best interests of the party by nominating none but colored men to office in these counties.

Resolved, further, That we also recommend and desire that the President appoint none but efficient and capable colored men to federal office in sections where the colored voters are in the majority.

For this resolution a substitute was offered, which made it apply to all parts of the State.

The next question considered was that of prohibition. A wordy war began over this, and nearly all of the nine committeemen spoke. Speeches were made by I. J. Young, T. B. Keogh, W. A. Moore and D. A. Jenkins, in opposition to the idea of declaring against the prohibition movement. T. N. Cooper and J. J. Mott spoke in favor of coming out against the movement. W. P. Canaday also took the same view, but was not quite so strong in his declarations.

It was evident last night that the majority of the committee were opposed to making it a party question. All the speakers in opposition denounced the idea, and deciared that, although the matter will again be discussed to-day, it will surely fall through. A committee, consisting of Messrs. Jenkins, Mott, Cooper, Young and Keogh, was chosen to confer in regard to the matter, and report to-day, at 10 o'clock, when the committee again meets.

Presbyterian General Assembly.

STAUNTON, May 19.—The General Assembly of what is popularly known as the Southern Presbyterian Church met there to-day. It will continue in session ten or more days. The opening sermon to-day was preached by Rev. T. A. Hoyt, D. D., of Nashville. This gentleman was at one time President of the Gold Board in New York and presided there on the famous "Black Friday." The Southern Presbyterian Church embraces the States of Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Indian Territory west of Arkansas, and has churches in the District of Columbia, the State of Ohio, and possibly elsewhere. It has nineteen Synods and sixty-seven Presbyteries, including the Presbytery of San Paulo, in Brazil, South America. The amount of money contributed during the year ending April 1st, 1880, by its 1,928 churches, was $1,062,238. The Church is conducting missionary work in China, Greece, Italy, Mexico, Brazil and in Indian Territory. It has two theoligical seminaries; one in Prince Edward county, Virginia, and the other at Columbia, South Carolina. It is also sustaining an institution for the education of young colored men at Tuscaloosa, Alabama. Probably the two or three principal topics that will come up for discussion at this meeting will be those embraced under the title of "Retrenchment and Reform," and the "Revised Directory of Church Worship."

A committee was appointed to consider a revised directory of church worship. This committee will report to the present Assembly and recommend as eminently proper that church services should embrace a recitation of the Lord's Prayer and the Creed and the reading of the decalogue. A form of burial, marriage and baptismal service will also be submitted.

Rev. Dr. R. P. Farris, of Missouri, was elected Moderator by acclamation. The various executive committee made their reports.

The Northern Slave-Owners.

The Richmond *Dispatch* is in good time with some facts concerning New England and slavery. It shows (says the Wilmington *Star*) that many of the rich people of that section inherited wealth that was obtained from the slave-trade. The poor African was brought over from his native home and sold as property, and these plethoric New England saints, who turn up the whites of their eyes in holy horror at the mention of the Southern slave-owner of the past, are rich out of the heart-agonies and sufferings of the African who was seized and forced from his home and sold into slavery by their fathers. The following is instructive. Cut it out and preserve it in your scrap-book. It may serve a good purpose in the future:

"We bought the negroes as property, but our investment passed from us by the act of the North, and for which we shall never receive a cent of compensation. The slave trade was not abolished until 1808, because so many New England men had their money in the enterprise that it was necessary to give them time to get out of it with the least loss possible. From 1804 to 1807 inclusive, 202 cargoes of negro slaves were brought into Charleston, South Carolina. Of these slaves 3,914 were sold for account of persons residing in Bristol, Rhode Island; 3,488 for Newport, Rhode Island; 556 for Providence, Rhode Island; 280 for Warren, Rhode Island; 200 for Boston, Massachusetts; and 250 for Hartford, Connecticut. This was, it will be observed, at only one port in the South, and during a period of only four years."

—John Grissom, of New York, began his forty-five days fast at noon, Saturday.

Memorial Day at Richmond.

RICHMOND, May 26.—The Boston and Providence Commanderies, escorted by the Richmond Knights, paraded this afternoon through the principal streets in the eastern part of the city, visiting *en route* places of interest, including the old Masonic hall, which is said to be the oldest edifice of its kind in this country. At the latter place a fine collation was partaken of, after which they returned to their quarters and were dismissed.

One of the most beautiful and touching incidents connected with the present pilgrimage, and which has been kept a secret by those participating in it, occurred before the parade. The Boston Commandery, at an early hour, marched from their quarters to the capitol square, and, forming around the statue of Stonewall Jackson, stood with heads uncovered and with swords at "present;" and while their band played a memorial overture, arranged by Prof. Hall, the Knights, in command moved forward and placed at the base of the monument a most beautiful wreath of evergreens and rare flowers. This tribute from the brave New Englanders to the great Confederate General, occurring as it did on memorial, day was deeply affecting and moved some of the spectators to tears.

A leading Virginian who was present remarked: "This will do more to restore complete fraternity among the people of the North and South than all the platforms that politicians will frame during the present year." The Commandery then marched to the Washington monument, within the same grounds, and decorated it also with flowers. The music here, while equally appropriate, was not so solemn as at Jackson's statue. To-night the general programme of the entertainment will be concluded with a double banquet—one at the theatre to the two visiting Commanderies, and the other at Pizzini's saloon to the ladies accompanying the pilgrims. Both affairs are to be on the grandest scale.

A Prodigious Syndicate to Buy Up Railroads.

A press telegram from New York says that Col. E. W. Cole, of Tennessee, formed in that city last week, probably the largest syndicate ever formed in this country for the purchase of railroad interests. The scheme embraces the establishment of a comprehensive system from the Northwest and Southwest to the Atlantic coast by the purchase of existing lines and the building of new ones. Purchases have already been concluded by the Macon and Brunswick road of Georgia; the East Tennessee and Virginia system of roads, embracing 619 miles; the Selma, Rome and Dalton, and the Memphis and Charleston roads, covering in all about 1,300 miles. Contracts for the building of several hundred miles will at once be let, and the various systems connected. The syndicate has subscribed $16,000,000 of capital. Among well-known capitalists who will be named in the syndicate are Geo. F. Seney, Samuel Thomas, Calvin S. Brice, E. H. R. Lyman and John S. Martin. Col. Cole will be made president of the whole system of roads, and will have charge of the extension by purchase and building. His purpose is not to build one part at the expense of others, as his system will feed almost every port on the South Atlantic coast, as well as Norfolk by the Norfolk and Western line by natural currents of trade, but simply to continue his conservative system of general development without antagonizing special interests. It is understood that the syndicate is willing to take one-fifth of the stock of the East Tennessee and Virginia road yet unpurchased at the price paid for the four-fifths, if the holders desire it.

—The case of Mr. Carmichael, of Loudon county, Virginia, who was arrested and held to bail for sending an unmailable postal card to Senator Vance, on which was written: 'Please send me your speech on that damn dog Mahone,' is to be celebrated in the annals of political jurisdiction. The card was taken out of the mails by a postoffice clerk, and instead of being delivered to the Senator was sent to the Postmaster-General's office. And thereupon the sender was arrested and the prosecution began.

The speeches, remarks and examination at the preliminary investigation were amusing. It was urged that it was not indecent to say that "Mahone was a damn dog," and while scurrilous it was no offence now to send a scurrilous card.

District Attorney Lewis concluded the argument. He said he had no desire to vindicate Senator Mahone from the epithets of "dastard," "traitor" or "damn dog." The defendant had a right to say what he pleased of Mahone, but he had no write to send an indecent expression through the mails. He had violated the statute, and should be held for trial.

United States Commissioner Fowler decided that the words "damn dog" were offensive to the fine delicacy of the public, and he, therefore, held Mr. Carmichael to appear, under $500 bonds, before the United States Circuit Court, to convene in Alexandria on the 5th of July. The bond was promptly filled.—*News-Observer.*

—The Reformed Episcopal Church is holding its eighth General Council in New York. There is a large attendance, and delegates from the principal cities of the United States, Canada and the West Indies are present. The Committee on the State of the Church submitted the following statistics: Number of persons in connection, 10,359; regular communicants, 5,840; Sunday school pupils, 3,025; teachers in Sunday schools, 787.

Woman's Wisdom.

"She insists that it is of more importance, that her family shall be kept in full health, than that she should have all the fashionable dresses and styles of the times. She therefore sees to it, that each member of her family is supplied with enough Hop Bitters, at the first appearance of any symptoms of any ill health, to prevent a fit of sickness with its attendant expense, care and anxiety. All women should exercise their wisdom in this way."—"*New Haven Palladium.*

—The Roanoke *News* well says, we trust that there will be no enmity engendered between the friends and the enemies of prohibition. The campaign should be conducted in a Conservative manner, and differences of opinion should not cause people to be harsh in their speech. The advocate of either side of this question are doubtless sincere in their belief, and are entitled to courtesy from their opponents. There is no necessity for any but a good tempered fight; and those, on which ever side enlisted, who use extreme language, and are fanatical in their zeal will but do their cause harm. Be temperate in speech and feeling.—*Warrenton Gazette.*

A FLOURISHING ENTERPRISE.—The Piedmont cotton factory at Greenville, S. C., is another prosperous Southern manufacturing enterprise. It has just declared a semi-annual dividend of four per cent.; free of taxes, on the whole of its capital stock of $500,000, and has a surplus of $90,000, which is held as a reserve fund. At present the factory runs 240 looms and 10,624 spindles, and gives employment to 280 operatives; but another mill is nearly completed when 23,944 spindles and 504 looms will be run, giving employment to 550 skilled operatives, and which will give a product of 200 bales of cloth and 30,000 pounds of yarn per week. The mill is now engaged in filling an order for 1,200 bales of sheetings and shirtings for exportation direct to China. The factory, which runs entirely by water-power, was in operation 306½ days during the past year.

From Advance Sheets of the 84th North Carolina Reports.

[From the Reporter's Office.]

1. The presentation of a draft for payment at the place of its date is a sufficient demand to charge the drawer or acceptor after notice of protest, where the place at which it was payable is not stated in the writing and no proof made that any particular place was agreed upon.—*Wittkowski vs Smith.*

2. An adminstrator who settles an estate under decree of court is protected against the claims of creditors and relieved from personal liability if no *malafides* be shown in his conduct of the preceedings.–*Mendenhall vs. Benbow.*

3. The claims of a surviving partner upon the proceeds of sale of deceased partner's half of real estate (here mill property) to reimburse him to the amount of half the expenditures incurred in the conduct of the joint business and improvements put upon the property, constitute a prior incumbrance and must be paid, to the postponement of creditors of the deceased partner. See Battle's Revisal, chapter 42, section 2.–*I bid.*

4. Upon motion to vacate an order licensing the sale of land for assets, it appeared that the petition filed was not verified by administrator's oath, and the guardian for the infant defendant had not answered; the sale was confirmed on the day it was reported without notice to defendant; the price was not paid in money; the administrator bought at his own sale, through an agent, and there were inaccuracies in his account. *Held* (1), that while the statute requiring verification is directory yet there is no error in setting aside the order that the case may be reopened and defendant allowed to answer; and (2) that the motion may be created in this case as an action to impeach the judgment.—*Stradley vs. King.*

5. Where the defense set up is that the party sued is only a surety, and the fact of his suretyship does not appear from the instrument signed by him, he must in order to derive any advantage therefrom, prove that the creditor had knowledge of the suretyship.—*Goodman vs. Litaker.*

6. In a divorce suit, where the party complained against is a non-resident and that fact appears by affidavit, service of process may be made by publicatiou under Battle's Revisal, chapter 17, section 83 (5.) *King vs. King.*

7. A justice of the peace has jurisdiction to try an action upon a lost note wherein a sum less than $2.00 is demanded, and is competent to exercise the power of requiring in such case the indemnity of the defendant.—*Fisher vs. Webb.*—*News-Observer.*

8. In a suit on a bond, it is competent to show by a memorandum on the docket of the court that the defendant admitted its execution, even though there be a subscribing witness.—*Jones vs. Henry.*

9. And where there is no proof to sustain an allegation in the defendant's answer that a certain lunatic owned the bond, evidence of the declarations of such lunatic in regard thereto was properly excluded.—*Ib.*

10. Under the act of 1879, chapter 183, a party to an action on a bond executed prior to the 1st of August, 1868, is an incompetent witness to maintain or defend the suit.—*Ib.*

11. Where an action was commenced in 1867, against an executor, within three years after his qualification, to recover a debt of his testator, and the same is still pending, and the plaintiff brings action in 1877 to secure the assets of the deceased debtor, alleging their fraudulent disposition by the executor and others. *Held*, That the latter action is in aid of and not a substitute for the former, and that the plea of the statute of limitations will not avail the defendants.—*Hughes vs. Whitaker.*

12. Though the general rule in an action upon a note forbids the introduction of evidence of another and distinct transaction, yet where the two contracts are entered into about the same time to effect a common object, and terms and conditions of the one may be admitted as evidence to be considered by the jury in passing upon those of the other.—*Gilmer vs. Hanks.*

13. Proof of fraud must come from the party alleging it, and to avoid a contract the fraudulent representation must be of material matter resulting in damage. And if the fraud be such, had it not been practiced the contract would not have been made, then it is material; but if it be shown that the contract would have been made, without fraud practiced, then it is not material.—*Ibid.*

14. To sustain an indictment under the statute for obtaining goods by false pretense there must be a false representation of a subsisting fact, &c. State vs. Phifer, 65 North Carolina, 321. The statement of an opinion, even if false, will not sustain such an indictment. To say that the eyes of a horse are sound, is merely the expression of an opinion, but to say "that there has never been anything the matter with the eyes of the horse" is the statement of a fact, which if false, is within the statute and indictable.—*State vs. Hefner.*

15. On motion to set aside a judgment, upon the ground of excusable neglect, if it appear that a summons was personally served on the defendant, he is effected with notice of the judgment, and must make his motion within a year after its rendition, but if not, he may make it at any time within one year after actual notice of the judgement.–*McLean vs. McLean.*

16. Where, in such case, the summons was regularly served upon the defendant, and the counsel employed by him failed to enter his pleas, and the defendant made no inquiry as to the disposition of the case until nearly five years after rendition of judgment; *Held*, that his faches were excusable.—*News-Observer.*

—Jefferson Davis has gone to Canada in order to be on British soil on the day that his forth-coming history appears in London, and thus have the benefit of the English copyright laws.

—A farmer living in Markham township, 20 miles from Toronto, Canada, has discovered a pit on his farm containing 500 skulls and five times as many leg and arm bones. Dr. Wilson, of the University, is of the opinion that it is an Indian ossuary, and that the remains have been under ground 200 years.

—A strange coincidence was that which happened a few days ago at the Episcopal church at Statesburg, South Carolina. While ex-Gov. Manning was kneeling at the chancel, receiving the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, a little bird flew from the loft and lit upon his back, where it quietly remained until the ex-Governor arose, when it returned to its perch; This conduct on the part of the little bird was witnessed by several of the congregation and the truth of it is stoutly affirmed by them.–*Chester (S. C.) Bulletin.*

STATE ITEMS.

—The penitentiary authorities have just completed a contract with James Cary & Co., of Baltimore, whereby the latter agree to take all the shoes manufactured here. The shoe shop now turns out about 70 pairs a day, or some 1,800 per month. The working capacity is to be largely increased as soon as possible. ——Reports as to the condition of the crops in Wake county are cheering.—*News-Observer.*

—The arrivals of convicts at the penitentiary were very large last week. A. Fogle, sheriff of Forsyth, brought Pleas. Foy, Silas Shouse, Luther Wall, George Scott, John Hains, T. P. Farmer, William Johnson and Reilly Smith, all colored, each sentenced to six years. W. A. Estes, of Stokes, brought Alice Finley, Ann Allen, Jack Dillard, Charles Snow, Webb Grey and John Mahl, colored.—*News-Observer.*

—Salisbury *Watchman*: The small-pox scare is about over. There was really very little ground for the excitement. After thorough examination, only one case, a very slight form, was discovered near Concord. There is no danger, at least no more than ordinary, of this disease spreading, and it is to be hoped that idle-talkers will give it a rest. One of the most injurious consequences attendant on the excitement was the loss of the last lot of Germans, fifty-one in all, which passed through Salisbury last Sunday. Mr. Buerbaum brought them this far and was informed that he could not stop with them. This was done by authority of the county board of health.

—The Statesville *Landmark* makes the following corrected statement about the hanging of a little boy in Iredell county, mention of which has heretofore been published:

"We gave last week, as we had gathered it from persons from the upper part of the county, a story of the hanging of a child of the name of Brown by his uncle on account of its habit of eating dirt. That story was incorrect in material points, and we give here the correct version of the occurrence as it has been told within the past few days by parties who were from the immediate scene.

Absalom Brown, a widower, living near Vernon Church, Union Grove Township, went away from home leaving his three children alone on the lot. The youngest of these children, a boy aged some three years, has all his life been weak and sickly, and the two older children, a boy and a girl, the eldest about ten years of age, conceived the idea of putting him out of the way, since he had frequently threatened to die, but yet lived on miserably, with no promise of ever being any better. They accordingly tied a rope around his neck and swung him up to a joist of the house, where he was found a few minutes later by a colored woman of the neighborhood who passed through the lot on an errand to another neighbor. This woman cut the child down and laid it on the bed, when it began to gasp and finally regained consciousness. She then went her way and returning homeward some time later, stopped again at Brown's house, when she ascertained that the brother and sister had taken the young child off the bed, carried it out behind the garden and buried it. She then hastened to the scene of the burial, dug up the child, carried it to the house and had the satisfaction of seeing it again return to life under her treatment. Her good offices, however, only postponed the end a little. The shock to the delicate brother's system was such that on the Sunday succeeding his execution and burial he died, surely enough."

From the Hub.

There is perhaps no tonic offered to the people that possesses as much real intrinsic value as the Hop Bitters. Just at this season of the year, when the stomach needs an appetizer, or the blood needs purifying, for the cheapest and best remedy is Hop Bitters. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure; don't wait until you are prostrated by a disease that may take months for you to recover in.—*Boston Globe.*

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Good Coffee at from 15 to 25 cents. Best qualities of Sugar. Good Tea, as cheap as the cheapest. Best Rice, Barley, Hominy, Grits and Oatmeal.

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No. 1 Apple Vinegar. White Wine Vinegar. Mackerel. Best Kerosene Oil. Candles. Matches. J. & P. Coats' Thread. Cigars. Black Mountain, Durham and Little Joker Smoking Tobacco. Chewing Tobacco,

and Snuff, as good as can be found in this market. Soaps and Starch in any quantity. **Crockery, Glassware and Lamp Goods,** with many other articles too tedious to mention.

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Salem, N. C., May 12, 1881.–18.

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embraces special dispatches from all quarters of the globe. Under the head of

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are given the Telegraphic Despatches of the week from all parts of the Union. This feature makes

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the most valuable chronicle in the world, as it is the cheapest. Every week is given a faithful report of

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embracing complete and comprehensive despatches from Washington, including full reports of the speeches of eminent politicians on the questions of the home

THE FARM DEPARTMENT

of the WEEKLY HERALD gives the latest as well as the most practical suggestions and discoveries relating to the duties of the farmer, hints for raising Cattle, Poultry, Grains, Trees, Vegetables, &c., &c., with suggestions for keeping buildings and farming utensils in repair. This is supplemented by a well-edited department, widely copied, under the head of

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giving recipes for practical dishes, hints for making clothing and for keeping up with the latest fashions at the lowest price. Every item of cooking or economy suggested in this department is practically tested by experts before publication. Letters from our Paris and London correspondents on the very latest fashions. The Home Department of the WEEKLY HERALD will save the housewife more than one hundred times the price of the paper. The interests of

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CONDENSED TIME.

North Carolina Railroad.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

Date, May 15 1881.	No. 47 Daily.	No. 43. Daily.	No. 19. Daily ex. Sun
Leave Charlotte	4 05 a m	4 15 p m	6 30 a m
" Salisbury	5 56 a m	6 07 p m	11 16 a m
" High Point	7 25 a m	7 25 p m	1 35 p m
Arrive Greensboro	8 05 a m	7 57 p m	3 10 p m
Leave Greensboro	9 40 a m	.....	6 25 p m
Arrive Hillsboro	11 45 a m	.....	11 02 p m
" Durham	12 23 p m	.....	12 31 a m
" Raleigh	1 40 p m	.....	3 11 a m
Leave "	1 45 p m	3 41 a m	.....
Arrive Goldsboro	4 00 p m	5 30 a m	.....

No. 47.—Connects at Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R., for all points in Western North Carolina daily except Sundays. At Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West. At Goldsboro with W. & W. R. R. for Wilmington.

No. 43.—Connects at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

Date, May 15, 1881.	No. 48. Daily.	No. 42. Daily.	No. 20. Daily ex. Sun
Leave Goldsboro	1 25 p m	.....	4 20 p m
Arrive Raleigh	3 50 p m	.....	9 25 p m
Leave "	3 55 p m	.....	9 55 p m
Arrive Durham	5 09 p m	.....	12 19 a m
" Hillsboro	5 48 p m	.....	1 45 a m
" Greensboro	7 57 p m	.....	6 00 a m
Leave "	8 17 p m	9 31 a m	.....
Arrive High Point	9 12 p m	10 02 a m	.....
" Salisbury	10 52 p m	11 15 a m	.....
" Charlotte	12 20 a m	1 00 p m	.....

No 48.—Connects at Greensboro with Salem Branch, at Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R. Air-Line Junction with A. & C. A. L. Railroad for all points South and South-west

No. 42.—Connects at Air-Line Junc. with A. & C. A. L. Railroad for all points South and South-west; at Charlotte with C., C. & A. Railroad for all points South and South-East.

SALEM BRANCH.

Leave Greensboro daily			9 40 p m
Arrive Kernersville	"	"	10 57 p m
Arrive Salem	"	"	11 40 p m
Leave Salem	"	"	5 30 p m
Arrive Kernersville	"	"	6 58 p m
Arrive Greensboro	"	"	7 30 p m

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Run both ways with Trains Nos. 48 and 47 between New York and Atlanta via Richmond, Greensboro and Charlotte, and between Greensboro and Augusta; and on Trains Nos. 42 and 45 between Boston and Savannah.

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Liniment is needed by somebody in every house. Every day brings news of the agony of an awful scald or burn subdued, of rheumatic martyrs restored, or a valuable horse or ox saved by the healing power of this

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Rheumatism, Swellings, Stiff Joints, Contracted Muscles, Burns and Scalds, Cuts, Bruises and Sprains, Poisons, Bites and Stings, Stiffness, Lameness, Old Sores, Ulcers, Frostbites, Chilblains, Sore Nipples, Caked Breast, and indeed every form of external disease. It heals without scarring.

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Sprains, Swinny, Stiff Joints, Wounder, Harness Sores, Hoof Diseases, Foot Rot, Screw Worm, Scab, Hollow Horn, Scratches, Windgalls, Spavin, Thrush, Ringbone, Old Sores, Poll Evil, Film upon the Sight and every other ailment to which the occupants of the Stable and Stock Yard are liable.

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No matter what your feel

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1881.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Special Notice.—Persons wishing to have printing well done, will please call at the Press office. We can print as *cheap* as the *cheapest*.

CLUBBING.

Clubs of the PRESS and GOOD LITERATURE one year for $1.75. This is the best offer yet made, and will give you a weekly nearly as large as the PRESS. In short, two papers every week for $1.75, cash in advance.

—Forsyth County jail is empty.

—First Quarter of the New Moon on Saturday next.

—The paying teller of a bank is a hand-sum man.

—The Amateur Band leaves for Bethany Commencement to-day.

—The first fresh honey comb of the season was offered on Monday last.

—The Salem colored school participated in a picnic on last Saturday.

—E. A. Boner and family have moved to their new home in Wilkes County.

—John Wimmer, Sr., returned home from Patrick County, Va., on Tuesday night.

—John Chadwick cut his hand badly by some of the machinery at Messrs. Fogle's mill.

—A silver cup will be awarded to the best shot in the Winston Light Infantry at their next drill.

—The mowing done in the Public Square on yesterday morning improves its looks considerably.

—Several Irish peddlers indulged in a free fight in Winkler's saloon, Winston, a few evenings since.

—A number of our citizens attended the Commencement at Yadkin College on Thursday last.

—A dangerous drink—a gos-sip. A fellow says he nose an old toper by his rye-ful face.

—The shower predicted by Blum's Almanac on Sunday, came, and it was a good one, which was much needed.

—Rev. Dr. Buxton, of Asheville, preached an able sermon in St. Paul's church, in Winston, on Sunday.

—Felix Sink had his face somewhat bruised by a kicking gun. A little too much powder made the gun go off too lively.

—Our young friend, Robert Carmichael, left for Raleigh on Monday morning, where he goes to take charge of a music store.

—The Public School at Farmington, Davie county, taught by James T. Brower, closed with a public entertainment on Friday night last.

—F. D. L. Messer is a prominent candidate for Superintendent of Public Schools for this county. Mr. Messer is capable, in every respect, to fill the office.

—Frank Patterson is home from the Bingham School spending his vacation. Glenn Williams, of Yadkin County, also from the same school, is visiting friends here.

—Dr. Bahnson is absent attending the Medical Convention at Asheville. Mrs. Dr. Bahnson is at Sam'l F. Patterson's homestead. Lieut. Pond is also on a visit to Asheville.

—The colored Public School closed on Friday last. Mrs. Dore, one of the teachers, left for Washington City on Monday last, and Miss Reed leaves for her home in Maine, to-day.

—We regret to learn that Ex-Governor Reid, of Wentworth, was stricken down with paralysis last week. It is feared it will terminate fatally.

—Wm. H. Hall, of this place, had the first swarm of bees on May 21st. Since then we hear of others, both in country and town. Several swarms passed over the lower part of town, escaping to the woods.

—Sam. Brewer, the barber, has shut down on Sunday morning shaving, and all those who fail to visit his shop by 12 o'clock Saturday nights go unshaven on Sundays or do their own scraping.

—Aaron Shepperd has been re-elected night-watch and policeman of Salem by the Board of Commissioners. Mr. Shepperd has been an efficient officer and we congratulate him upon his re-election.

—Wm. Barrow commenced work on the N. C. Midland Railroad Monday. Mr. Barrow wants to hire a large number of hands, and there is no excuse for idleness now, as he will furnish all with work who want it.

—It is stated upon good authority in the *Republican*, that about $8,000 were paid out to the farmers of this county for hickory timber for the Greensboro spoke and handle works. Last week over $700 were paid. Besides getting a good price for the suitable timber there is enough left in laps, &c., for fire wood, and much of it is now corded up ready for market.

SALEM ACADEMY--COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

The Commencement Exercises of the Academy will take place on Thursday, June 16th, at 9. A. M. They will be preceded, on Tuesday, 14th, by an evening of Readings and Recitations, and on Wednesday, 15th, at 8, P. M., by the Concert.

A class of 13 young ladies will be graduated in the Academic Department, and 5 students of the Music Department will receive their diplomas; whilst the special prizes, two in Music and one in Literature, offered this year by gentlemen of Salem, will be conferred upon the successful contestants.

Hon. A. M. Waddell, of Wilmington, is expected to make the Literary Address, at Commencement.

The Concert on Wednesday evening promises to be an unusually fine one. The graduating students in Music will all appear in solo parts.

The session closes under very favorable circumstances. The highest number of students in attendance, during the year, was 130.

—The Baptist Sunday School picnic at Abbott's Creek was a success. Messrs. Frank Baldwin, Robah B. Kerner and Prof. C. A. Rominger delivered addresses. The day was fine and breezy, and every body in the best of humor.

—On Tuesday, a man in the employ of Dr. Shelton as driver, while on his way home from delivering a load of lumber, when near A. N. Reich's home, his horses became frightened and ranaway, upsetting the wagon and breaking the driver's arm.

—We regret to learn that Mrs. G. W. Charles met with a painful accident on Friday last while on the way to the closing exercises of Waff's School, in Abbott's Creek Township. The horses became restless and ranaway, throwing Mrs. Charles out of the buggy breaking one of her legs and otherwise injuring her.

—The Third Term of Abbott's Creek Male and Female Institute, situated at Abbott's Creek Church, Davidson county, six miles west of High Point, and 12 miles southeast of Salem, will open on August 8th 1881. The School is an excellent one and its prospects are good.

ANNIVERSARIES OF REMARKABLE EVENTS FOR THIS WEEK.—The Poet Pope died May 30th, 1744; Voltair died May 30th, 1778; Patrick Henry born May 29th, 1736; Grand Army of Republic Decoration Day May 30th; Stephen A. Douglass died June 3, 1861; First steamer started to cross the Atlantic Ocean June 3, 1835; President Buchanan died June 1, 1868; Jeff. Davis born June 3, 1808; Battle Cold Harbor June 2, 1864; Battle Seven Pines June 1, 1862.

RAILROAD DOTS.—A. N. Hortle, late city engineer of Alexandria, Va., is assistant engineer on the work between Winston, Salem and Mocksville. Mr. Payne, of Alexandria, is with Mr. Hortle. Besides the above, parties are surveying between Statesville and Lincolnton, and from Mooresville to Lincolnton. Another party from Spartanburg to Shelby, and another from Greenwood, Union and Yorkville, S. C., to Mooresville, N. C. All these parties are under the direction of Col. Yates, Chief Engineer of the North Carolina Midland Survey.

STORMS.—On Monday afternoon last a terrific storm passed over the neighborhood of Mickey's mill, twisting off trees and limbs. The wind was so strong that Mr. Mickey was unable to effectually close his front door, and the wind hurled the chairs about the entrance hall of the house.

On Tuesday afternoon heavy showers, with wind, flashes of lightning and heavy peals of thunder passed over town. The lightning struck trees in West Winston.

Last week several telegraph poles were struck by lightning and destroyed on the Railroad between this place and Kernersville.

THE MORAVIAN SYNOD.—The completion of the legislation, in regard to the union of the Northern and Southern Districts of the Moravian Church, by the Synod at Bethlehem, Pa., was brought about by the adoption of the following, on Saturday last:

Resolved, That as soon as the Commissioners of the Northern and Southern Districts shall have arranged the details of the Union, and declared the fact to this Provincial Elders' Conference, the latter shall be empowered to succeed the Elders' Conference of the Southern District in the care of the Southern congregations, and in the general superintendence of the Southern District.

—The Commencement exercises at Fork Church, with Prof. C. A. Rominger, as Principal, was a success. Frank T. Baldwin delivered the address in his usual acceptable manner. The speaking of the scholars was all that could be desired. We know the Principal to be a worthy and capable gentleman. The school fills a place among the higher schools of the country, where boys and young men can obtain a good education at a very reasonable rate. Continued success to it.

PRESS ASSOCIATION.—At a meeting held in the Court-house for the purpose of making arrangements for the entertainment of the members of the N. C. Press Association, the following gentlemen were appointed Committees to make all necessary arrangements for the occasion:

From Winston.—S. H. Smith, Chairman; Dr. R. T. Gray, J. T. Brown, G. W. Hinshaw and M. W. Norfleet. From Salem.—Rev. T. J. Zorn, H. Fries, Jr. and Eugene A. Ebert.

Committee of reception, who will provide homes for the visiting members: From Winston.—Col. A. B. Gorrell, Chairman; C. B. Watson, James A. Robinson.—From Salem.—Capt. J. W. Goslen, Dr. J. F. Shaffner.

GREENSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE.—The closing exercises of this institution of learning for young ladies, took place last week. Rev. James E. Man, of the N. C. Methodist Conference, preached the Annual Sermon, on Sunday, 22nd ult., and the Literary Address was delivered by James W. Reid, of Wentworth. The Salutatory Address was given by Miss Nellie Dixon, of Greensboro, and the Valedictory by Miss DeLette Alderman, of Greensboro, on Thursday. The Concert took took place on Thursday evening. Next session opens August 24, 1881.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Our community was terribly shocked on Saturday afternoon last at the fatal accident which befell Capt. Geo. W. McFail, a brakesman on the N. W. N. C. Railroad. About 4 o'clock in the evening, Mr. McFail, after transacting some business in town, was seen in an open box car, nearing the depot from the guano warehouses. It is supposed that in attempting to step off the car to the platform of the depot, he stumbled and fell between and under the cars, the wheels passing over his right arm and leg crushing them in such a manner as to necessitate immediate amputation, which was done at the Winston Hotel. He remained unconscious until 9 o'clock, when he died. His remains, in charge of Messrs. H. J. Crute, Wm. Benton, Geo. Boozer, A. J. Shelton, Emory Gray and Walter Hester, were taken, on Sunday morning to Roanoke Station and delivered to a resident brother. The *Leader* remarks:

"Mr. McFail was a native of Charlotte County, Virginia, a man, apparently, of about 38 or 40 years of age; quiet, unassuming and gentlemanly in his deportment. He had no family. His death, which was so sudden and unexpected, is but another lesson of the uncertainty of life, and one this community should lay to heart, for 'in the midst of life we are in death.'"

—Yadkin College Commencement exercises took place on May 25th and 26th. The annual sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Gilreath, of Enfield.

The subject that one occupation is enough for any one man, is certainly correct, but a good variety of accomplishments as well as occupations, certainly are at times very convenient, although the best success may attend those who stick to one thing in their battle with the world.

The orators from among the students were rather better than ordinary, and the college may well feel proud of the student's efforts.

W. C. Hanner, of Hillsboro, received the debater's medal. There was only one gratuate this year, G. W. Gooch, who received the graduate's medal. Prof. Simpson is the right man in the right place, and we are pleased to state the prospects are bright for the future of the college,

F. H. Busbee, of Raleigh, delivered the annual address, in a very satisfactory manner. About 2,000 persons were present on Thursday.

Salisbury Cornet Band furnished good music.

PRESS CORRESPONDENCE.

—J. A. Jones, of Davidson County, has sold his plantation, intending to move, next fall, to a place bought of H. W. Lindsay, near Midway.

—There is much complaint of apples and other fruit dropping off the trees.

—One day last week Geo. Miller and Erestus Kimel, living near Hopewell, went to break up a hawk's nest, and while Kimel was throwing the young hawks from the nest, Miller set his gun down and the lock striking some object caused the piece to fire, tearing Miller's hand badly. Since having two fingers taken off, the wound seems to be healing.

—David Lindsay, of Davidson County, shot himself badly a few days ago. He struck the lock of his gun against something, causing a discharge. The ball struck his elbow and lodged in his shoulder. The doctors had not been able to extract the ball when we heard from him last. B.

—Internal Revenue Collections, Fifth District, for the week ending Saturday, May 28, 1881:—

Monday	$3,445 84
Tuesday	2,362 47
Wednesday	3,400 70
Thursday	3,123 50
Friday	2,939 86
Saturday	1,782 59
Total.	$17,054 96

—The Davie *Times* of the 26th ult., says:

Elder Drury A Woodson, of Virginia, has accepted the call of the Baptist churches of Mocksville and Jerusalem, and will be upon the field about the first of June. Will preach (D. V.) at Jerusalem the 1st Sabbath in June.

The surveying corps, under Capt. Ramseur, reached Mocksville on Tuesday, 24th ult., when they completed the location of the road as far as Mocksville. The Captain and his boys left yesterday morning for Mooresville, where they will make a survey to Lincolnton.

—A list of letters remaining in the Postoffice, at Salem, N. C., June 1st, 1881:

Franklin Ball, Miss Amie Boyer, Mrs. Nancy Crows, Miss Lavinia Charles, Mrs. A. J. Clodfelter, Master Charles S. Davis, Mrs. W. N. Davis, Mrs. Mary Freese, Edward Foltz, Mrs. S. E. Glenn, Joe Gostin, Miss Pattie Hoyle, Mrs. Mimia Hairston, John C. Kinnaman, Albert Lashmit, care of John Lashmit, Henry Motsinger, Miss Ame Moore, T. Waller Palmer, 2, Miss Mollie Perryman, Mary Periman, Miss Ellen E. Snider, James D. Small, Mrs. Phebe A. Spach, Mrs. Catharine Wilson, Solomon Williard.

H. W. SHORE, P. M.

GOOD SIGNS.—We copy with pleasure the following from the Danbury *Reporter*:

From observations made while travelling over the county during the last few weeks, we are led to believe that our people are in a more prosperous condition than they have been at any time since the war. The low price of tobacco seems to have stimulated them to action in a different direction from relying entirely on tobacco for a support. We think there has been less land cleared for tobacco, than in any year since the war, while on every farm, large and small, may be seen fields of waving grain, wheat and rye. Many farms have their lots of beautiful luxuriant grass and clovor, and large fat hogs are seen roving through the woods. There will be a heavy crop of apples, cherries and plumbs in almost every part of the county, and in many places an average crop of peaches.

LAYING OF CORNER STONE.—On Tuesday last the corner stone of Pace's brick warehouse was placed in the Northwest corner of the building. It contained the following articles: Winston *Sentinel*; *Union Republican*; *Leader*; *Church Messenger*; *Plant and Plug*; Salem *Press*; *N. C. Presbyterian*; Raleigh *Christian Advocate*; *Farmer and Mechanic*; *News-Observer*; Greensboro *Central Protestant*; *North State*; Graham *Gleaner*; Lenoir *Topic*; Salisbury *Watchman*; Danbury *Reporter*; Oxford *Orphans' Friend*; *Oxonian*; Leaksville *Gazette*; Mocksville *Davie Times*; Newton *Enterprise*; Statesville *American*; Hickory *Press*; N. Y. *Journal of Commerce*; Baltimore *Gazette*; Lynchburg *Daily, Tri-Weekly and Weekly News*; Milton *Chronicle*; warehouse prospectus; names of officers and directors of water works; S. E. Allen's advertisement; ordinances for the town of Winston for 1880-'81; names, owners, builders and contractors of the warehouse; Allison & Addison, and Hinshaw Bro's. advertisement, and a copy of the new testament. The building is going up rapidly, and Winston will soon boast of the largest, finest and best arranged brick warehouse in the State.

Leader.

—Rhnumatism is the most terrible disease that has ever afflicted humanity, yet it instantly yields to the powerful drugs that Kendall's Spavin Cure is composed of. See their adv't.

MARRIED.

In Davidson county, in May by S. A. Mock, Esq., Mr. ANDREW BODENHAMER to Miss SALLIE TESH.

In Winston, on Wednesday evening last, by Rev. F. H. Johnston, Miss BELLE KERNODDLE to Mr. THOMAS PATTERSON.

In this county, at the residence of the officiating Magistrate, John Boyer, Mr. JOHN W. REICH, to Miss LAURA SHOUSE, all of this county.

Near Lexington, Davidson county on the 1st of May, by Rev. Thomas Long, Mr. SAMUEL EVERHART, to Miss ELIZA STEANE, all of Davidson.

In the same county on May 12th by Rev. Thos. Long, Mr. WM. NIPONG to Miss JOYCE KILLIAN, all of Davidson.

Obituary.

Died near Trinity College, May 13th, Mrs. NANCY LEACH, in her 73rd year. She was a kind mother and devoted wife, and made many lasting friends wherever known. Many of the early students of then "Normal College" recollect her motherly kindness. She was truly a good woman, a consistent member of the Methodist Church. She was ready to go home to her Savior. Mrs. Leach, m. n., Elder, was born Jan. 24, 1804. Professed religion and joined the church in the year 1823. She was united in holy matrimony with Lewis M. Leach, May 23rd 1826.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

—A few copies of REVISED TESTAMENT at the Bookstore. More on hand shortly,

—Lewis' White Lead at GRAY & MARTIN'S.

—Paints and Oils, a full line at GRAY & MARTIN'S.

—Call at H. W. FRIES Store for gentlemens' Fine Shoes.

—Lithia Water for sale by the gallon at GRAY & MARTIN'S.

—BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW, at the Salem Book Store.

—Lamps and all Lamp Goods at GRAY & MARTIN'S DRUG STORE.

—For your spring supply of Ladies', Misses' and Childrens' Shoes, go to H. W. FRIES'.

—GRAY & MARTIN, Druggists, succeed MONTAGUE & GRAY and GRAY & WILSON.

—Those wishing to try our Teas can obtain samples free.

GRAY & MARTIN.

—Fullest line of Toilet Articles and Perfumery in the towns at GRAY & MARTIN'S DRUG STORE.

FINE SHOES.

Just received the largest stock of FINE SHOES, ever brought to this market,—all Ziegler Brothers manufacture.

Also a large line of Carpet samples.

H. W. FRIES.

WANTED.

A good, sober and reliable Harness maker can find employment by applying to S. A. VEACH,

May 19, 1881. Salem, N. C.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere. 25 cents a bottle.

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an **Incurable Lung Disease or Consumption. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are certain to give relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Catarrh, Consumption and Throat Diseases.** For thirty years the Troches have been recommended by physicians, and always give perfect satisfaction. They are not new or untried, but having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well-merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. **Public speakers** and **singers** use them to clear and strengthen the **Voice.** Sold at twenty-five cents a box everywhere.

SALEM MARKETS.

Wheat, (white) per bush	$1 30 to $1 50
Wheat, (red) " "	1 15 to 1 30
Corn, per bushel,	60 to 65
Oats, " "	50 to 60
Rye, " "	90 to 1 00
Barley, per bush.	00 to 00
Flour, per hundred,	3 00 to 3 75
Peas, (col'd,) per bushel,	00 to 00
Peas, (white,) " "	00 to 00
Beans, (col'd,) " "	00 to 00
Beans, (white,)" "	00 to 00
Onion Setts, per bushel,	0 00 to 00
Pork,	6 to 7
Country Meat, (hog round,)	8 to 09
" Hams'	10 to 12
Green Apples per bushel,	00 to 0 00
Eggs, per dozen,	10 to 00
Butter, per pound,	15 to 20
Tallow, " "	5 to 0
Beeswax," "	20 to 20
Flax Seed, per bushel,	80 to 0 90
Potatoes, Irish, per bush.	60 to 0 75
Potatoes, sweet, " "	50 to 75
Cabbage, per pound,	1½ to 2
Chickens, per dozen,	1 50 to 2 00
Hay, per hundred,	50 to 55
Fodder, per hundred bdls.	00 to 00
Shucks, per hundred lbs.	00 to 00
Blackberries,	0 to 00
Whortlieberries	0 to 00
Dried Cherries	0 to 00
Dried Apples	0 to 00

Winston Tobacco Market.

[CORRECTED BY A. B. GORRELL.]

The offerings continue reasonably large with but little improvement in quality. Prices remain firm for all rich, waxy fillers and wrappers, while the nondescrip and inferior sorts are lower. Bright and fancy wrappers are unusually scarce and in good demand.

Lugs Common Green	3 00 to 3 50
" " Red	3 75 to 4 50
" Good	4 50 to 5 50
Smokers, common green bight	4 00 to 5 00
" " bright	5 50 to 6 50
" good	7 00 to 8 50
" fine	9 00 to 11 00
" fancy	12 00 to 18 00
Good, rich, ripe, sweet fillers	9 00 to 17 00
Cutters, thin, bright leaf	12 00 to 18 00
Leaf, common green	5 00 to 7 00
" red	6 00 to 8 50
" good, waxy red	9 00 to 12 00
Wrappers Common dark	8 00 to 11 00
" Good, red	11 50 to 15 00
" com., mahoghany,	12 50 to 18 00
" good, rich, "	20 00 to 25 00
" fine	30 00 to 45 00
" common bright	16 00 to 18 00
" good	22 50 to 30 00
" fine	35 00 to 40 50
" fancy	50 00 to 60 00 to 70 00

Damaged tobacco of all grades sells very low.

Post Office Directory.

Salem, N. C. Post Office Arrangements. Office hours from 7 o'clock, A. M., to 6 P. M., during the week, and on Sunday from 7 to 8 A. M.

TIME OF ARRIVAL AND CLOSING OF MAILS.

RAILROAD, from Greensboro to Salem closes every day, except Sunday at 6.45, a. m., and every day at 3.40, p. m. Due every day, by 12:30, a. m., and every day except Sunday, by 11.45, a. m.

MOUNT AIRY, via Winston, Old Town, Bethania, Five Forks, Tobaccoville, Dalton, Bliss and Flat Shoals. Closes every day except Sunday at 6:30, a. m. Due every day except Sunday, at 3, p. m.

DANBURY, via Winston, Flat Branch, Sedge Garden, Germanton Walnut Cove and Meadows. Closes every day except Sunday at 6:30, a. m, Due every day, except Sunday by 3, p. m.

YADKINVILLE, via Winston, Lewisville, Panther Creek Conrad's and Charity closes every day except Sunday at 5:30, a. m. Due every day except Sunday by 3, p. m.

ROCKFORD, via Mount Tabor, Vienna, Red Plains and East Bend and Richmond Hill Closes Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5:30, a. m. Due Monday, Wednesday and Friday by 6, p.m.

FULTON, via Friedberg, Yokely, Advance and Elbaville. Closes every Tuesday and Friday at 5:30, a. m. Due Tuesday and Friday by 7, p. m.

H. W. SHORE, P. M.

GET THE BEST.

If you intend some day to get

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED, "DO IT NOW."

THE NEW EDITION

Contains over **118,000** Words, **1928 Pages, 3000 Engravings,** Four Pages Colored Plates, **4600** NEW WORDS and Meanings, **Biographical Dictionary of over 9700 Names.**

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THE STANDARD Authority in the Government Printing Office at Washington. Jan. 1881.

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GEO. W. HINSHAW. W. M. HINSHAW.

SPRING AND SUMMER OF 1881.

HINSHAW BROTHERS,

WINSTON, N. C.

Four years ago to-day we opened our first stock of GOODS in one of the buildings we now occupy. Not satisfied to remain where we started, we have from time to time added to our building and stock, so that we can safely say that we now have the most complete Store Rooms in the State. We have in use two of BATES' best ELEVATORS by the means of which we have easy access to all parts of the ten Rooms in our Block, all of which are filled with Merchandise of every description, which we buy at the lowest prices, mostly from manufacturers, and which we will sell at reasonable prices.

IN OUR WHOLESALE DEPARTMENTS, WHICH ARE THE LARGEST IN TOWN, we will duplicate in prices any bill of an ordinary amount bought in any market, freight taken into consideration.

OUR RETAIL DEPARTMENTS ARE THE MOST COMPLETE IN WINSTON. We call especial attention to our line of

DRESS GOODS,

TRIMMINGS, LAWNS, PEQUETS, SUITINGS, NOTIONS, PARASOLS, COTTONADES, CASSIMERES, BOOTS AND SHOES.

Winchester, Va., and Miles' Philadelphia Shoes

A SPECIALTY.

OUR STOCK CONSISTS IN PART OF

400 Suits of Mens' and Boys' Clothing.
40 Cases Hats.
85 Cases and Bales of Dry Goods.
50 Cases Notions.
100 Bags Coffee.
50 Barrels Sugar.
75 " Syrups.
150 Kegs of Nails and Horse Shoes.

SPLENDID STOCK OF

STAPLE HARDWARE,

Drugs and Patent Medicines.

Tin Ware, Hollow Ware and Queensware

in large quantities and great variety.

2,000 Dozens Coats' Spool Cotton at N. Y. Prices.
2,000 Pounds Sole Leather.
20,000 Pounds Meat and Lard.
White Lead, Oils, Varnishes, &c.

We intend to make it to the interest of every one to come and see us, and we invite you to do so.

7,500 BAGS OF THE CELEBRATED STAR BRAND TOBACCO MANURE For Sale this Spring.

Buy your GOODS of us and sell your TOBACCO at our NEW WAREHOUSE, (PACE'S) when completed, and you will come as near getting the worth of your money in Merchandise, and the worth of your Tobacco in money as you can get in this wide world.

COME ONE, COME ALL.

Respectfully,

HINSHAW BROTHERS.

May 19th, 1881.

JOHN GATLING, President, W. H. CROW, Vice-President
W. S. PRIMROSE, Secretary and Treasurer,
P. COWPER Adjuster and Supervisor.

NORTH CAROLINA

HOME INSURANCE COMPANY,

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Agent for Salem, Winston and vicinity.

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JOB PRINTING of all descriptions executed with neatness and dispatch at the PRESS OFFICE.

NEW BOOKS.—A lot of new Seaside Library publications just received a he Salem Bookstore.

I. W. DURHAM,

PRACTCAL

Marble-Worker

AND DEALER IN

MONUMENTS

AND

TOMBSTONES.

WINSTON, N. C.

Write for Price List and Designs. March 21—26-12—1 year.

SPRING OPENING.

NEW GOODS.
REDUCED PRICES.

CALL AND SEE.

JUST RECEIVED at Mrs. DOUTHIT'S, a large assortment of all kinds of

MILLINERY GOODS,

NOTIONS,

WHITE GOODS, &c., &c.,

for the Spring and Summer of 1881, which will be sold cheap for cash.

All are invited to call.

MRS. T. B. DOUTHIT.

Salem, N. C., April, 1, 1881.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

$25 PREMIUM.

GET THE BEST.

Turner's Patent Evaporator.

A PREMIUM OF $25 will be given the farmer who produces the greatest quantity of sugar from syrup made by Turner's Patent Evaporator, from one acre of seed cane, grown in North Carolina. Ten pounds to be exhibited at the next annual State Fair at Raleigh.

Turner's Patent Evaporator has been in use for two years, and is highly reconmended by farmers and others who have used it. The following certificate speaks for itself:

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, SURRY CO., } January 18th, 1881.

To all whom it may concern:

This is to certify that I have used the Turner Evaporator for the past year and find it to be a perfect success.

It has advantages that no other evaporator has:

1st. The fire can be regulated without any danger of risk of burning or scorching the molasses.

2nd. The arrangement is such that you can regulate the flow of juice and discharge of finished syrup with such accuracy as not to endanger the syrup from its having tinge of scorch or dark drugy appearance.

3rd. It facilitates the labor so very much that one hand can attend to the Evaporator and do good work; besides many other advantages that I have neither time or space here to enumerate.

REV. J. J. SETLIFF.

P. S. I made syrup from the early Amber Cane that actually commenced the process of granulation on the Evaporator.

J. J. S.

For further information, call on or address, W. E. TURNER, Dalton, N. C.

or B. TURNER, Bethanina, N. C.

March 3, 1881—8-6m.

A. N. ZEVELY,
ON F. STREET,
WASHINGTON, - - D. C
(Late Assistant Postmaster-General.)
Attends to business before any of the Departments. Collections, etc.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Also excellent for human flesh. READ PROOF BELOW.

From a Prominent Physician.

Washingtonville, Ohio, June 17th, 1880.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—Reading your advertisement in Turf, Field and Farm, of Kendall's Spavin Cure, and having a valuable and speedy horse which had been lame from spavin eighteen months, I sent to you for a bottle by express, which in six weeks removed all lameness and enlargement and a large splint from another horse, and both horses are to-day as sound as colts. The one bottle was worth to me one hundred dollars.

Respectfully yours, H. A. BERTOLETT, M.D.

Kendall's Spavin Cure.

Harrisburg, Pa., Nov. 18th, 1880.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—I have a very fine mare that has had a bone spavin for a long time. I tried every thing man could devise to cure it but all in vain and was about to give it up when a friend of mine in this city came to me and recommended Kendall's Spavin Cure which I tried with grand results, removing that bone clear and clean and then I sent 25 cents to you for one of your illustrated Horse Books and I think there is no better book printed on the horse and his diseases. I have taken great interest in it and have since sent it copies for you to my neighbors and will try and do what good I can by getting them for others.

Yours truly, G. W. MILLER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE ON HUMAN FLESH.

Bakersfield, Vt., Dec. 23, 1879.

B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—I wish to add my testimony in favor of your invaluable liniment, "Kendall's Spavin Cure." In the spring of 1861 I slipped on the ice and sprained my limb at the knee joint. I was very lame and at times suffered the most excruciating pain. I wore a bandage on it for over a year, and tried most everything in my reach, but could find nothing that would give me permanent relief. When I overworked, it would pain me very much. In April 1878 I began to think I should be a cripple for life; but having some of "Kendall's Spavin Cure" thought I would try it. I used one-third of a bottle, and experienced relief at once. The pain left me and has not troubled me since. I feel very grateful to you and would recommend "Kendall's Spavin Cure" to all who suffer with sprains or rheumatism.

Yours truly, MRS. J. BOUTELL.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE is sure in its effects, mild in its action as it does not blister, yet it is penetrating and powerful to reach every deep-seated pain or to remove any bony growth, or other enlargement, such as sparlin, splints, curbs, callous, sprains, swellings, any lameness and all enlargements of the joints or limbs, or rheumatism in man and for any purpose for which a liniment is used for man or beast. It is now known to be the best liniment for man ever used, acting mild and yet certain in its effects.

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—OF—

GOOD BOOKS

AT COST

—AT—

Blum's Bookstore,

SALEM, N. C.

At the Gate.

Now the spoony rural lover
Round the moonlit path doth hover
That his girl he may discover
At the gate, gate, gate.
Sharp at half-past eight he meets her,
And in ecstasy he greets her,
And to ices later treats her—
Lovers' bait, bait, bait.
And they swing upon the gate
Till the hour's pretty late.
Lots of sentimental chinning
While he hangs, hangs, hangs,
O'er that gate, the maiden winning;
While he feels against his face
Bits of lace, lace, lace,
And the more divine sensation of her bangs, bangs, bangs.
And he e'en forgets her freckles
While he dreams about her shekels,
And he vows her Grecian nose
Is a rose, rose, rose.
And each eye a dreamy pansy,
And her love a necromancy.
And then appears her father with his boot, boot boot.
As swift as any lapwing,
Just watch that spoony chap wing
Down the opalescent lane
Like a Western hurricane,
While the owls in every treetop loudly hoot hoot, hoot,
And the parent lists the music of his scoot, scoot, scoot—
Lists the scootinabulation of his scoot.

—*Munkittrick, in Puck.*

AN INVITATION TO BREAKFAST.

"Walk out to my house, and have breakfast with me some morning." Such was the invitation given to me one day by Mr. Robertson, a genial, middle-aged solicitor to whom I was articled, in the thriving town of Abbeyton.

Now, I had only been articled for a few weeks; and what I had seen of Mr. Robertson in business, made me wish to know him and his in their private life; hence I was much delighted to have this opportunity of gratifying my wish. A few days afterward, waking up and finding a glorious summer sun streaming into my room, I speedily decided that this was just the kind of morning on which I should accept the invitation to breakfast at Abbey Grove; and in a few minutes I was on my way thither.

Abbey Grove was situated about two miles from the town, and consisted of a small cluster of villas, built in a prettily situated spot, which, generations ago, had formed part of the grounds of an old abbey. The only remains of this ancient building, however, were a few yards of crumbling wall, with here and there vestiges of what at one time had been traceried windows; these, with numerous mounds of stones and masonry, were all that was now left to tell of what had been there centuries ago. Most of these mounds were now covered with grass and shrubs and trees, and thus formed a delightfully secluded retreat, which the inhabitants of Abbey Grove villas enjoyed in common.

The invigorating charms of an early walk on a summer's morning need no description. The pure air, the genial sun, the twittering birds, the sparkling dew, and soft low breeze, all tend to exhilarate one's spirits and to make the day pleasanter and happier throughout. All these experiences were mine on the day I write of. As I approached Abbey Grove and saw the houses peeping from out the surrounding trees, I commenced wondering as to what kind of a residence would be occupied by Mr. Robertson, how it would be furnished, what kind of people his wife and family would be like, and the kindred things that you speculate upon when going to visit a house for the first time. Last, but by no means least, as my walk continued, I wondered what kind of a breakfast there would be to appease the appetite stimulated by the breeze.

I walked down the short avenue leading to the houses, and then began to wonder which of the half-dozen villas I was bound for. This small community dispensed with numbers to their houses, nor did they even distinguish them by the ambitious and ridiculous names which you see stuck up on most suburban residences. No; nothing savoring so of the town for this group of country residents; they all called their several houses by the common name of Abbey Grove; and the stranger had to take his chance of having to go to each of the houses in turn, before he found the particular one he sought. Fortune favored me, however, by sending across my path a traveling directory in the shape of the local milkman; and in response to my inquiry as to which house was Mr. Robertson's, I received the straightforward reply: "This 'ere one as I've jist come from, sir." Walking up the path I found the door invitingly open, and the housemaid putting the finishing touches on the bell-handle.

"Master is not down yet, sir," she replied to my inquiry as to whether he was at home, which, considering the time of day, really appeared an absurd question to ask the girl; but we get accustomed to use stereotyped phrases under some circumstances.

"Oh, then, I will come in and wait," I replied.

"What name shall I say, sir?" asked the girl.

"Just tell him Mr. Brooks has called, and he will understand."

So saying the girl showed me into a snug little breakfast-room, where the sunbeams and the fresh morning air seemed to be vying with each other as to which should have possession of the room, with such friendly rivalry were they streaming through two wide French windows, which opened upon a tastefully arranged lawn and flower-beds outside. While noticing these things the housemaid had gone upstairs to announce me, when something like the following dialogue ensued:

"Please, ma'am, Mr. Brooks is downstairs."

"Mr. Brooks! Who is he?" was the response, in a muffled female voice.

"I don't know, ma'am," the maid replied. "I've never seen him here before. But he's a young gentleman, and says he'll wait till master comes down."

"Whoever can he be, and what can he want, bothering here, at this time of day?" continued the muffled voice; and thereupon the door was shut.

Now, this was not exactly pleasant to me; but when I reflected that most probably Mrs. Robertson would be unacquainted with her husband's invitation to me, I thought it best not to be offended; so I commenced examining the pictures on the walls. They were not very interesting, and I soon concluded my inspection, and looked round for something else to occupy the moments, which began to hang rather heavily. The newspaper of the previous day was upon a small table by the window, so I took that up, just to pass away the time, and I was soon listlessly perusing the advertisements. I had not been sitting thus above a minute or two, when I heard a slight rustling, as of a lady's dress; simultaneously came three or four light footsteps through the window into the room; and before I could look up from my paper, or rise from my seat, a musical voice accosted me with "Good-morning, uncle; here is your buttonhole bouquet."

I started up in no little surprise at this greeting, which was evidently not intended for me; and there stood before me a fairy-like maiden of some sixteen summers, her brown hair falling loosely from a daintily-shaped head; her cheeks aglow with the healthy morning air she had been enjoying, and deepened, too, by a rosy blush, when she discovered her greeting had been unwittingly addressed to a stranger. She was standing before me, holding out the little knot of flowers destined for her uncle's button-hole—how I envied her uncle!—a very picture of health and life and happiness and beauty. Her expression of unstrained enjoyment had changed in a moment to one of embarrassment and dismay, mingled with a gleam of amusement in her bright eyes as the humor of the awkward situation we were in broke upon her. An instantaneous mutual agreement seemed to flash between us. We both broke into a merry little laugh; and I have often wandered what would have happened if we had not adopted this course, if, for instance, the young lady had passed on with a dignified coldness, and simple apologies and bows had passed between us! Our sudden introduction was, however, not destined to have this sudden ending. In a few moments we were chatting away like old friends. I fancied my fairy seemed to be actually pleased when I announced that I was going to stay to breakfast; and I had almost summoned up courage to ask her to present me in reality with the flowers she had undesignedly offered to me, when the entrance of the servant with the completing dishes for the breakfast-table served as an excuse for her to leave the room.

She had scarcely gone through the door, when I heard again the greeting, "Good-morning, uncle," followed this time by an unmistakable sound, which made me long more than ever to be that girl's uncle! The door opened once more. I stepped forward to meet my employer, but suddenly paused, as a tall gentleman entered the room whom I had never seen before in my life.

He stood looking inquiringly at me after a sharp "Good-morning." I was too embarrassed to make any response. My first thought was: "He is some visitor;" but in a few moments the awful truth dawned across my mind, that this was in reality the owner of the house I was in, and that by some means or other I had got into the wrong one. The situation was tremendous. I am naturally a cool character; but I was so taken by surprise and chagrin, that I could only mutter some confused apology about having been invited to breakfast by Mr. Robertson; that I had been directed to this house by some miserable misunderstanding; that I humbly apologized for my intrusion, and hoped he would pardon it. So speaking I made a frantic dash at my hat, maddened at my stupidity, at the loss of my breakfast, and still more at the thought of never seeing or speaking again to that charming little lady, who, in less than five minutes, I had found I was absurdly in love with!

I said a hurried "good-morning," and was trying to make a ghastly attempt at a smile as I left the room—when, would you believe it? that tall, dark man burst out into a loud laugh. I felt ready to knock him down. I knew how my stupidity would be gayly discussed at that breakfast-table, before her, and I felt my discomfiture and humiliation deeply; but this open merriment at my expense maddened me.

A strange calm succeeded this storm. It was caused by some words uttered by my tormentor. "You really must forgive me; I could not refrain from laughing. My name is Robinson. Your friend Mr. Robertson lives in one of the other houses. We frequently get parcels and letters, and even callers coming to the wrong house; but in all my experience we have never had so amusing a mistake so early in the day as this one."

Now this explanation toned down my anger considerably; but the words which followed were like balm to my troubled heart. "Mr. Robertson will have finished breakfast by now. I cannot think of allowing you to go. Do me the favor of remaining here and breakfasting with us this morning." So saying he took my hat out of my hand and led me into the room again. Of course it did not need much persuasion to make me stop. Two minutes before I had been ready to knock this man over; I now thought him the most kind and considerate fellow in the world.

Of course the breakfast was delightful. I found Mr. Robinson and his wife sensible, genial, kind-hearted people. I found their niece even more sensible, more genial and more kind-hearted than they were; and when, after breakfast, I accompanied her and Mr. Robinson into their pretty flower garden, I received from her a rosebud for my buttonhole, which I kept for some years afterward. When saying good-bye I was perplexed by thinking how I should manage to see her again; it must be contrived somehow I mentally resolved. Upon returning to town I lost no time in explaining "the situation" to my worthy employer, Mr. Robertson, who rallied me good-naturedly upon the mistake, and upon what the consequences might be! Next week I was invited to a picnic at Mr. Robinson's, and went not only to it, but likewise to Mr. Robinson's house again and again before his niece returned to her home.

Four years have passed since that invitation to breakfast was given me; and that "fairylike girl" is now my wife. The local milkman, bless him, got a handsome "tip" upon our wedding day.

The Monkey and the Crab.

A careless assistant to a fishmonger, with a basket of crabs on his arm, took it into his head while passing the monkey's house in the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, the other day, that it would be amusing to give a crab to one of the monkeys which held out its "hand" through the wires of the cage. The animal, we are told, looked at it curiously, then raised it to his mouth. The crab, hitherto inert, now recovered its self-possession, and took hold of the monkey's nose between his large claws. The other, with a piercing cry, rushed to the roof of the building, clinging to a cord. It continued to maintain its hold, the monkey frantically endeavoring to tear it away. Weary of the struggle he suspended himself to a bar by the tail, hoping thus to throw off his enemy, the other apes sitting on the ground, looking on with astonishment at the strange spectacle. Suddenly the poor animal became motionless. He was, as an eye-witness suggests, thinking, and his reflections, we are told, were of a melancholy character, as they ended in suicide. He let go the bar to which he had been suspended, and falling head foremost was killed instantly, his nose still in the claws of his persecutor.

In Los Angeles county, California, there are 100,000 orange, lemon and lime trees in bearing, and the crop is expected to be worth $600,000 this season.

[Springfield (Mass.) Republican.]

Edgar T. Page, Esq., druggist, writes us from Chicopee Falls that Mr. Albert Guenther, under Wild's hotel, has used that remarkable remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, for a severe case of rheumatism and it cured him, as if by magic. He also used it with great success among his horses in cases of sprains, sores, etc., and it cures every time.

In Worcester's new dictionary, among 11,000 words admitted, the word boom has a place. It is defined as meaning an enthusiastic and spontaneous movement in favor of a person.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Lessons in Love Making.

Don't love too many at once.

Give your little brother taffy and get him to bed before your chap calls.

Recollect that a wedding-ring on your finger is worth a good many of them in your mind.

Try to find out by some means whether your intended knows how to earn a decent living for two.

Be reasonable; don't expect a man working for $8 a week to furnish you with reserved seats at the opera every other night.

Don't be afraid to show the man of your choice that you love him—provided, of course, he loves you. Love is a double-sided sort of concern, and both have a part to play.

Don't try to bring too many suitors to your feet. They have feet as well as you have, and you may see one pair of feet walking off from you some day you would be very glad to call back.

Keep your temper, if your expect your other-half-in-law to keep his. If he doesn't suit you give him ticket-of-leave. If he does suit you don't expect him to put up with your humors.

Deal carefully with bashful lovers; lead them gradually to the point (of proposal, of course), but don't let them suspect what you are at, or they might faint on your hands, or go crazy on the spot.

It is said lovers' quarrels always end with kisses. This is partly true; but if you are not careful those little spats you indulge in may end in the kisses you covet being given to some other girl!

If it is possible, try to suit your sisters, cousins, aunts, grandfathers, neighbors, friends and acquaintances when you happen to fall in love. If you can't suit them all, don't worry, for the thing has never been done yet.

If you use powder, don't give yourself away. For instance, it would be well to spread a handkerchief over the shoulder of his broadcloth before you lean thereon. He will be too green, depend on it, to suspect the reason. If his mustache happens to look a little powdery, there are several ways in which it could be brushed off.

Don't imagine that a husband can live as a lover does—on kisses and moonlight. He will come home to his meals hungry as a bear, and any little knowledge of cookery you can pick up during courtship is about the best provision you can make for future happiness.

Remember that nature has put every man under the necessity of having a mother, and that the latter is not in any way to blame if she is regarded as the bitter part of a sugar-coated matrimonial pill. If you feel in duty bound to be her sworn enemy postpone this duty till you know something about her.

Don't seek advice in love affairs from an old maid who has been crossed in love, a bachelor who has been jilted, a woman who married her husband's pocketbook, or a man who happens to be henpecked. Don't confide in your girl friends; to keep a secret in a love affair would kill them. Don't consult your minister; he'll have the marriage fee in view. If you go to your family physician he will say your liver is affected in place of your heart. If you must get instructions from somebody why not ask your mother how she used to manage things with you father? True love didn't run any smoother in old times than it does to-day, and, since she knows how it is herself, we can't think just now of any better way to advise you.

Fashion Notes.

Rows of feather stitch are set between the machine stitching on the backs of gloves.

The name pagoda is applied to the sleeves which are wide and turn back at the wrist.

An effort to bring back the laced shoe has been made, but buttons still remain in favor.

Waistcoats are still worn with basques. The style is too pretty to be hastily abandoned.

Tubular sashes of knit worsted, ending in tassels, are to be worn by children this summer.

Waists are now cut of crosswise material that they may be tight enough without wrinkling.

Little shoulder capes are all the wrap that will be needed with woolen dresses this summer.

Two deep plaitings and an apron overskirt form the skirt of Paris dresses intended for every-day use.

The outside garments worn with morning costumes are longer than those which accompany carriage dress.

Pointed waists are easily converted into well-fitting basques by the addition of deep straight pieces.

Some short skirts instead of being kilt plaited on the edge are shirred and then tucked to make a flounce.

Blue-white lace is coming in again, but it is so much less becoming than cream-white that its adoption will be slow.

Sarah Bernhardt's fashion of wearing a poke bonnet will be generally followed in this country this summer.

An elastic is put into the tops of some of the new undressed kid gloves, and frills of lace are also sewn upon them.

Garnet grapes with jet leaves veined with gold make up the somewhat too brilliant design of one of the beaded laces.

Girdles pointed in front are worn with surplice waists. The back of the dress is made perfectly plain and has no belt at all.

Artemus Ward's Pranks.

The May *Scribner* has an anecdotal paper on "Artemus Ward; his home and family," with a drawing of the homestead, a portrait of his mother and a new drawing of Ward as a lecturer, based on the obsolete sketch in the old "London *Illustrated Times*," and which is said to be the only satisfactory portrait of the humorist. The following is vouched for by the writer as new:

"Among his youthful diversions was the writing of letters to prominent persons in all parts of the country whose names he happened to see in print—entire strangers to him. These usually referred to some prospective business arrangement. Thus he would write to some gentleman in New York: 'Dear Sir—I'm sorry to say I shan't be able to get that harness done on the day I promised;' or, 'I will not be able to call at your house, as you requested,' etc. In this mystification of unsuspecting people he was not unlike the German Owlglass, who, while always playing the fool, never lacked fools upon whom he might try experiments. Nothing seemed to please him more than to get the better of his brother Cyrus. One very cold night in the winter, when he had come home at a late hour from an entertainment, instead of going quietly to his room, for which his mother had provided by leaving the doors unfastened, he stationed himself in the street and called to his brother as if in deep distress about something. Cyrus was slow to wake and appear. Charles continued calling, and with more agony, 'Cy! Cy! Ho! Cy!' When Cyrus at last came to the window he solemnly asked: 'Do you really think, Cyrus, that it is wrong to keep slaves?'"

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Pasteur states that at a farm near Senlis cattle which had died of carbuncular fever twelve years ago were buried at a certain spot within a walled garden. Some specimens of the soil were after that lapse of time lixiviated and concentrated, and some guinea pigs inoculated with the matter thus obtained died soon afterward, developing all of the well-marked symptoms of carbuncle. Seven sheep were allowed to pass a few hours a day at the place where the diseased animals were interred, and the result of this experiment was that two of the sheep died of fever in about six weeks. The vitality of the germs of this disease is remarkable.

On August 25, 1880, during a thunderstorm in broad daylight, M. Trecul saw, as he states in a paper read before the French Academy of Science on March 28, a very brilliant elongated body, about thirty-eight to forty centimeters long by twenty-five centimeters broad, with conical ends, pass from one part of a dark cloud to another and before disappearing and dividing above the houses a small part of its substance fell, as if influenced by gravity, and developed a path of a luminous nature marked on the sides with round protuberances of a reddish color. The author adds that in other thunder-storms he has repeatedly noticed a feeble light, band-like in shape, lighting up the width of the street in whole or in part.

The Mekarski air engine is about to be introduced for street railroads in England. It can be used in combination with a car or separately. This locomotive weighs about 7.5 tons, and consists of cylindrical steel reservoirs that are charged with air at a pressure of 450 pounds to the square inch before starting, a special regulating apparatus, and ordinary cylinders and driving gear. The air passes through a reservoir of hot water and steam to the regulator, and thence to the cylinders. The heat thus imparted to the air increases its volume and prevents the freezing of moisture in the exhaust passages. When this engine is working there is no noise, and there is the further and obvious advantage of an absence of smoke. This type of motor has been in successful operation in Nantes for about two years.

It was discovered a few years ago that trees decreased somewhat in girth during the winter season. It was supposed before that, their liquors freezing, as other liquors do, they should rather expand than shrink. Nature, however, is not ordered after the wisdom of men. Water expands in proportion as it rises above the freezing point, and it also expands when it goes below. So long before it was proved by the carefully-conducted observations of Dr. Hayes, in the Arctic regions, the laundress knew that the colder the weather the more the linen dried, that low temperature as well as high temperature favored evaporation. Trees evaporate from their branches in winter, and thus the colder the weather the more they shrink. Some new facts in this class have recently been added by two German scientists, Kravs and Kaiser. Trees not only vary their diameters from winter to summer, but also from day to day. They are larger from noon to twilight next morning, smaller from twilight till noon. Although not so stated, this is also, no doubt, due to evaporation, which is probably greater in the morning growth than at any other time. The demand for moisture shrinks the vessels and lessens the girth.

Amphibious Venice.

Water is the Venetian's native element. In the quaint gloom of twilight the canals of Venice are alive with her male population, men and boys, and very many little maidens, too, in cloth fig leaves, sporting in the waters like so many dark-skinned Polynesians. They dive, they gambol, they shout, they splash, they make the old walls and slimy waters merry with their cries and laughter, while their nude, white bodies come out against them in shiny, dripping relief, like so many figures of a far-away primitive world, where innocence still rules supreme. Mothers sit knee-deep in water on their house-steps, either holding their six months' old babies, while they kick and splash and coo delightedly on their own account at finding themselves thus early in life in their native element, or else they let the older ones loose, with ropes around their waists, securely fastened either to themselves or the door-ring, to be hauled quickly in in case of emergency. To aid them still further in their nautical exploits, these infants are supplied with breast-boards on which to float until they learn to swim, which feat is soon accomplished, for they take as easily to the water as other children do to greensward. Indeed, at this time of day it requires some extra skill on the part of the gondolier to pick his way through the swimming, floating, plunging population, as thick in spots as shoals of mackerel in their season, screaming and hustling one another in the brine as vigorously as if sporting on shore. Where there is so much rollicking nakedness about, stalwart models of men as nude, saving their waist-cloths, as the classical gods, and little girls and boys ragless, or next to it, at first blush on encountering them in these watery streets of a large city in broad daylight, the stranger is startled; but soon gets accustomed to this novel phase of Venetian life. Salt water is a great leveler.

The Caterpillar and the Fly.

A corpulent caterpillar is stuffing his furred or velvet doublet with the juicy pulp of a young and tender oak leaf. His thoughts—at all events his sensations—are competely centered in the business which he has in hand—more properly in mouth; and he dreams as little of approaching danger as an alderman at a city feast imbibing the green fat of turtle, while a sparkling chandelier hangs, perhaps suspended by an all but severed chain, over his devoted head. No chandelier, indeed, but destruction in a living form as brilliant, hangs suspended over the unconscious glutton of the oak leaf. An ichneumon fly, poised in the air above him, her iridescent wings and black shining body glittering in the sun, is fearfully vibrating her tail-like piercer, with intent to plunge it into the fleshy back of her well-fed victim. She stoops—her weapon enters—is withdrawn, and leaves behind it, in the wound, a germ of nascent torture a thousand times more dreadful than a drop of deadly poison—a tiny egg deposited within the warm orifice pierced for its reception. In a few hours this egg becomes a gnawing worm, which thrives and fattens on the juices, leaving carefully untouched the vital organs of the helpless gormandizer thus compelled to foster it. Its growth completed the parasite emerges, and then, in completion of its murderous part, spins a silken thread, with which it proceeds to bind the nearly exhausted body of its supporter (as Gulliver by Lilliputian cords) to the surface of the oak leaf. Thus manacled, the shrunken remnant of the once plump crawler exists yet a few miserable days, while the young ichneumon, having inclosed itself within a shroud of silk, undergoes its transformations, and finally emerges into a perfect life, a sparking fly, like its parent, close beside the then dead body of the creature by which it had been nourished to maturity.—"*Episodes of Insect Life.*"

The fellow who was much struck by a young lady wanted to return a kiss for the blow.—*Lowell Citizen.*

NEW YORK'S FRUIT SHIPS.

Something About the Cargoes of Fruit that Come to the Metropolis.

A New York reporter in quest of information about the business done in the importation of fruit obtained some interesting facts from Major Bostwick, inspector of customs at Burling slip. The consumption of fruit in New York is said to be greater than in any other city in the world. The imports at Burling slip have increased 300 per cent. in the last twelve years, and now there are annually received about two and one-half millions of bunches of bananas, thirty-two million oranges, ten million cocoanuts and about three million pineapples. Last year 199 cargoes of fruit were landed there, and this business is crowded into about five months, from March to the end of July. Major Bostwick says that he has seen twenty-one vessels in at one time.

The juicy fruit of the West Indies is of so perishable a nature that it is essential to the trade that cargoes shall be landed and marketed as soon as they arrive. Major Bostwick has known a whole cargo of pineapples, which arrived in marketable condition, to be spoiled in one night, when the air was hot and humid and a thunder-storm came on. The loss by decay last season amounted to about twenty-five per cent. on pineapples, something less on bananas and almost forty per cent. on oranges. The manner in which oranges are gathered greatly affects their condition. When they are beaten from the trees with poles, so as to be broken from their stems, they do not keep their soundness nearly so long as when they are clipped from the stem, leaving a small portion adhering. The shorter the passage the better the condition in which the fruit arrives. If the passage takes seven days the condition is first rate; if ten days—the average time—the condition is fair; if the passage takes a longer time the chance of getting good fruit is poor. For this reason the schooners of from 100 to 180 tons register engaged in the trade have lines like yachts, and skim the water at racing speed. But even a fast sailer, if caught by northwesters, will sometimes be delayed so as to lose her cargo.

The red-skinned bananas come from Baracoa, on the northeastern coast of Cuba; the yellow ones from the island of Jamaica. The banana plant bears but one bunch, and is killed when that is gathered. Fresh plants are raised from the seed slips which are found clustered around the base of every bunch. They take from six to eight months to produce mature fruit, and the bunches are cut for export while still green. Cocoanuts are obtained at the same ports, and the usual method of loading vessels is to put in first a load of cocoanuts and then a layer of banana bunches above them. A platform is then put over, and on this another layer of banana bunches is placed. The hatches are kept open as much as possible in order to keep the fruit cool, and if the run takes only ten or twelve days the bananas are fit for market when they arrive. A schooner will bring from 20,000 to 50,000 cocoanuts and from 2,000 to 3,000 bunches of bananas at a time.

Pineapples come from the Bahama islands. The plant is killed with the gathering of the single fruit that it bears, and is reproduced by planting seed slips, as in the case of bananas. The ordinary pineapples are piled together in the hold, and the loss from decay is often very great. The sugarloaf pine is a fine, juicy variety that is very perishable, and to have it in a condition at all marketable a good deal of the bush must be taken with the fruit.

The oranges brought to this port in sailing vessels come from Porto Rico. They are stored on platforms in layers, each about fifteen inches thick, from 350,000 to 400,000 coming in a single cargo. Any delay on the passage causes great loss from decay of fruit. Orange and cocoanut trees are perennial bearers, and well-established plantations last a long time.

The business of fruit growing is precarious. The season for hurricanes is just when the banana plants are young, and it is not a rare thing for a plantation to be destroyed in a day. The orange groves also suffer greatly from storms at times, and are also injured by the attacks of a fly, whose larvæ imbed themselves in the rind of the fruit and the bark of the trees. The chances of a good pineapple crop in the Bahamas are said to be so precarious that sometimes the negro planters working small plantations are reduced to an exclusive fruit diet, which is as near as one gets to starvation there.

Burling slip is not only the landing place of the fruit, but also a market for its sale. There is no necessity to announce arrivals. As soon as a cargo is in dealers cluster around it. Fruiterers, marketmen, grocers and street peddlers are there, and what one dealer will not take another will. Fruit that is too ripe to be taken by a storekeeper is taken at a low price by a street Arab, who begins to cry his stock as soon as he leaves the wharf, and before the day is over it will be not only sold but eaten. The trade is active from the latter part of March into summer, but when the peach and berry crops get into the market the West India fruit trade is flattened out as if by a storm of the tropics.

The value of the green fruit imports of New York was $4,192,831 in 1880, paying duties amounting to $745,437.

Gigantic Locomotives.

Ten iron giants for the Pennsylvania Railroad company will be built this summer at Altoona. They will be much larger and more powerful than ordinary passenger engines, and are to be built for the particular purpose of making up time on portions of the road where there are long stops. On the fast run between New York and Philadelphia, for instance, the time allowed is so short that when there are unusual stops letting off and getting on passengers the ordinary engines cannot make it up. Hence a monster locomotive, known on the road as "No. 10," has been built as an experiment and tried on different trains to see what can be done. The result has been satisfactory, but there are many improvements that suggest themselves which will be carried out in the construction of the other heavy engines that are to follow. In the slang of the railroad yard No. 10 is known as "Long-legged loco." This comes from the driving wheels she rides upon, which stand six feet and six inches above the rails, or higher than a tall man with a silk hat on. She has two pairs of drivers forged for her by Herr Krupp, the famous cannon maker. In this is supposed to have been solved the highest aim that can be sought in a locomotive—to pull the heaviest trains over all grades against stiff winds and with the least possible liability toward hot boxes or low steam on the quickest schedule time. Her engineer says: "She goes like a bird and rides like a rocking-chair." Ever since it has been running this engine has been making a mile in fifty-seven seconds on up grade with a long train in tow without getting heated. She makes more than a mile a minute and "keeps cool." Of course there is a great consumption of fuel. In 180 miles 12,000 pounds of coal are used up. The water tank contains 3,000 gallons, 400 more than is usually carried. Everything else is on a proportionately large scale. Only the delay in getting boilers sufficiently large has prevented the completion of two others of nearly the same pattern.—*Philadelphia Times.*

[Des Moines Iowa State Register.]

We notice the following in an exchange: Mr. G. B. Haverer, foreman N. Y. & N. H. S. B. Co., suffered for eight days with terrible pain in the back, almost to distraction, until he heard of and used St. Jacobs Oil, one bottle of which cured him completely.

Dr. Herz, a foreign electrician, has shown that it is possible to telephone six hundred miles.

The Greatest Blessing.

A simple, pure, harmless remedy, that cures every time, and prevents disease by keeping the blood pure, stomach regular, kidneys and liver active, is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon man. Hop Bitters is that remedy, and its proprietors are being blessed by thousands who have been saved and cured by it. Will you try it? See other column.

Two physicians and surgeons of London, England, are supposed to receive about $100,000 per year each in fees.

RESCUED FROM DEATH.

William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., says: In the fall of 1876 I was taken with bleeding of the lungs, followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed. In 1877 I was admitted to the hospital. The doctors said I had a hole in my lung as big as a half-dollar. At one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of Dr. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when, to my surprise, I commenced to feel better, and to-day I feel better than for three years past. I write this hoping every one afflicted with diseased lungs will take Dr. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED. I can positively say it has done more good than all the other medicines I have taken since my sickness.

For over thirty-four years
DR. TOBIAS'S VENETIAN LINIMENT
has been warranted to cure Croup, Colic, Spasms, Diarrhœa and Dysentery, taken internally, and Sore Throat, Pains in the Limbs, Chronic Rheumatism, Old Sores, Pimples, Blotches and Swellings, externally, and not a bottle has been returned, many families stating they would not be without it even if it was $10 a bottle. Sold by druggists at 25 and 50 cents. Depot, 42 Murray Street, New York.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.			
Beef Cattle—Med. Nat. live wt.	9½	@	10
Calves—Poor to Prime Veals..	4½	@	6
Sheep.....	5¾	@	6¾
Lambs.....	7	@	7¾
Hogs—Live.....	6	@	6¾
Dressed, city.....	8	@	8¾
Flour—Ex. State, good to fancy	4 65	@	6 50
Western, good to fancy.	4 90	@	8 00
Wheat—No. 2 Red.....	1 25¾	@	1 26½
No. 1 White.....	1 23¾	@	1 24½
Rye—State.....	1 11¾	@	1 11½
Barley—Two-rowed State.....	80	@	80
Corn—Ungraded Western Mixed	54	@	60
Southern Yellow.....	61	@	61
Oats—White State.....	52½	@	54
Mixed Western.....	45	@	47½
Hay—Medium to Prime, Tim'y	1 00	@	1 20
Straw—Long Rye, per cwt....	1 10	@	1 15
Hops—State, 1880.....	12	@	23
Pork—Mess, old, for export..	16 00	@	16 25
Lard—City Steam.....	11 55	@	11 60
Refined.....	11 75	@	11 75
Petroleum—Crude.....	6¾	@	7¾
Refined.....	8	@	8
Butter—State Creamery, new.	22	@	22
Dairy.....	15	@	16
Western Im. Creamery	16	@	20
Factory.....	11	@	13
Cheese—State Factory.....	11½	@	13
Skims.....	3	@	9
Western.....	10	@	13
Eggs—State and Penn.....	14	@	14
Potatoes—State, bbl Early Rose	2 50	@	2 75
BUFFALO.			
Steers—Extra.....	6 00	@	6 20
Lambs—Western.....	6 00	@	6 50
Sheep—Western.....	5 75	@	6 10
Hogs, Good to Choice Yorkers..	6 20	@	6 25
Flour—Cy Ground, No. 1 Spring	5 25	@	5 75
Wheat—No. 1. Hard Duluth....	1 25	@	1 25
Corn—No. 2 Mixed.....	51	@	51
Oats—State.....	37	@	38
Barley—Two-rowed State.....	90	@	90
BOSTON.			
Beef—Western Mess.....	10 00	@	10 50
Hogs—Live.....	6¾	@	7¾
Hogs—City Dressed.....	8¾	@	8¾
Pork—Extra Prime per bbl....	13 50	@	14 00
Flour—Spring Wheat Patents..	7 00	@	8 00
Corn—Mixed and Yellow.....	61	@	63
Oats—Extra White.....	52	@	54
Rye—State.....	1 25	@	1 25
Wool—Washed Comb & Delaine	43	@	45
Unwashed " "	30	@	31
WATERTOWN (MASS.) CATTLE MARKET.			
Beef Cattle—Dressed weight...	5½	@	8½
Sheep.....	4¾	@	6¾
Lambs.....	5	@	7½
Hogs.....	8	@	8¾
PHILADELPHIA			
Flour—Penn. good and fancy..	5 10	@	5 50
Wheat—No. 2 Red.....	1 21¾	@	1 23
Rye—State.....	1 00	@	1 10
Corn—State Yellow.....	54½	@	54½
Oats—Mixed.....	46½	@	46½
Butter—Creamery Extra.....	24	@	26
Cheese—New York Full Cream.	13½	@	14
Petroleum—Crude.....	6¾	@	7¾
Refined.....	8	@	8

Vegetine
— FOR —
Cancers and Cancerous Humors.

The Doctor's Certificate.
READ IT.

ASHLEY, Washington Co., Ill., Jan. 14, 1878.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—This is to certify that I had been suffering from a Rose Cancer on my right breast, which grew very rapidly, and all my friends had given me up to die, when I heard of your medicine, VEGETINE, recommended for Cancer and Cancerous Humors. I commenced to take it, and soon found myself beginning to feel better; my health and spirits both felt the benign influence which it exerted, and a few months from the time I commenced the use of the VEGETINE the Cancer came out almost bodily.

CARRIE DEFORREST.

I certify that I am personally acquainted with Mrs. DeForrest, and I consider her one of our very best women. DR. S. H. FOWLERS.

WHY WILL YE SUFFFR?
THE PRICELESS
VEGETINE.
Cancer Cured.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 6, 1881.

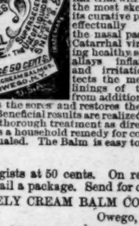
DR. H. R. STEVENS:

The great sympathy I have for others who are suffering from Cancer and Cancerous Humors impresses me that it is my sacred duty to write you, although a stranger to me. For two long years I suffered and endured the most painful torments, from a Cancer of the Breast. My case defied the efforts of the best physicians. I tried many remedies, when a gentleman in the office with my husband advised him to try your priceless VEGETINE; he brought home a bottle. Before taking half of the first bottle I slept well nights. I continued taking the VEGETINE, gaining every day; have taken eighteen bottles, and am now perfectly cured; not a vestige of my disease left. I wish every one could know what a good medicine it is for such diseases. Your name will never be forgotten. May God ever bless, guide and protect you, is the earnest daily prayer of

MRS. E. SKIVINGTON,
No. 830 Seventh Street, Northeast, Washington, D. C.

Vegetine
IS THE BEST
Spring Medicine.
Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

ELY'S CREAM BALM



Having gained an enviable local reputation, displacing all other preparations in the vicinity of discovery, is, on its merits alone, recognized as a wonderful remedy wherever known. A fair trial will convince the most skeptical of its curative powers. It effectually cleanses the nasal passages of Catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions to flow. Inflammation and irritation, protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds, and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized after a few applications. A thorough treatment as directed will cure Catarrh. As a household remedy for cold in the head it is unequaled. The Balm is easy to use and agreeable.

Sold by druggists at 50 cents. On receipt of 50 cents will mail a package. Send for circular.

ELY CREAM BALM CO.,
Owego, N. Y.

At Wholesale in New York, Philadelphia, Syracuse, Boston, Chicago and other cities.

FOR SALE—Fruit Farm—140 Acres; 3,000 Trees, 7,000 Apple and small fruits; New House, nine rooms, Plate-glass (Switzer); Barn, 44x60; Stone Cider House, 30x60, with two cellars; Land in Meadow and Wheat, ¼ mile from City of St. Charles, Mo., 18 miles from St. Louis. Cost over $30,000. Offered on time at a bargain. Dr. Geo. B. Johnston, St. Charles, Mo., or Maj. John S. Mellon, 508 Chestnut Street, St. Louis, Mo.

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$999 a year to Agents, and expenses. $6 Outfit free. Address F. Swain & Co., Augusta, Me.

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